THE KISSES OF JOANNES SECUNDUS.

71

IO. SECUN.

F. Bartolozzi, sc.

Talis IOANNES *oculis erat & ore* SECUNDUS,
Festinans quintam claudere Olympiadem:
Prævenit cita mors, at docti dextra Scorelli
Quam dederat, vitam lædere non potuit.
Hadr. Marius Frater.

JOANNIS SECUNDI

BASIA.

Published as the Act directs Jan.y 1 1779 by J. Bew Paternoster Row.

KISSES:

A

POETICAL TRANSLATION

OF THE

BASIA

OF

JOANNES SECUNDUS NICOLAÏUS.

WITH THE ORIGINAL LATIN,

AND

AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SA
THE T

THE FOURTH EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS;

AND THE

EPITHALAMIUM NEWLY TRANSLATED.

> Mollia, Pegaſides, veſtro date ſerta Poëtæ;
> Non faciet capiti dura corona meo.
>
> PROPERT.

LONDON,

PRINTED BY JOHN CROWDER,

FOR J. BEW, IN PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

1790.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

KISSES.

THE

TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

AN Attempt to transfer unblemiſhed into the Engliſh Language the numberleſs Beauties with which the *Baſia* of *Secundus* abound, muſt be reckoned daring indeed; an Attempt in which I am not vain enough to ſuppoſe I have ſucceeded: all I can hope to have effected by this weak Effort of my Pen, is, to have drawn a deſerving Author from that Oblivion in which he has been ſo long buried. And it were to be wiſhed that what I have done might prove an Incentive to ſome other Perſon whoſe Abilities

may

may render him more capable, and whofe Occupations in Life may better permit him, to do that Juftice to *Secundus* which mine will not, by giving the World a more elegant Tranflation of this fingular and truly beautiful Part of his Works, or of fome other Part, as his Fancy may lead him.

THIS *Tranflation* throughout is confronted with the original *Latin*; the Prefervation of which, as every Edition of *Secundus* is now become extremely fcarce, is what I can alone expect will any Way recommend my Book to the Public. For my *Verfification*, I fubmit it to the Candour of the Reader; it was begun as a mere Matter of Amufement, nor had I any Intention of publifhing it, till I found that I had imperceptibly finifhed the whole of the *Bafia*; when, confidering how little this Author was known, yet how much he merited Attention, I was tempted to offer to the World my *Tranflation* of his *Kiffes*, indifferent as it may be.

THE

ADVERTISEMENT.

UNTIL the Approbation of the Public had ſtamped ſome Value on his Performance, the *Tranſlator* of the *Baſia* confeſſes that no one could think more lightly of it than himſelf; but as he is called upon from many Quarters for freſh Editions of this Work, it would now be as unjuſt to eſteem it of no Worth as it would have been preſuming to have judged too favourably of it before.

If the Age in which we live ſtood remarkable for that Severity of Manners which formerly diſtinguiſhed this from other Nations, the *Tranſlator* would find himſelf without Excuſe for holding up a Picture, where it muſt be acknowledged that the Expreſſion is too warm, and where the Colouring is evidently too high and beautiful.

But when, in Conſequence of great Eaſe and great Proſperity, the Reins of Prudence begin to hang more remiſs; when Knowledge has overleaped the Modeſty of her own Bounds; and, above all, when the ſweet Shrine of Nature is perceived every Day to lament the Seductions of Art: under theſe Circumſtances, to attempt by any Means to revive a Flame, at which Love might again light his Nuptial Torch; and to recal Senſations, of all others the fineſt and the beſt; is, in the Opinion of the *Tranſlator*, the Duty of a good and honeſt Citizen: and he has to hope, not only that the *Poem* itſelf, ſo conſidered, will be thought uſeful: but, in his own Endeavours to make it better known, that he ſhall be eſteemed (a Character, of all others, which he reveres moſt) the Friend and the Prompter of Virtue.

THE

THE TAYLOR INSTITUTION LIBRARY OXFORD

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

SECUNDUS.

OF all the modern Latin Poets, few perhaps have remained in greater Obſcurity than *Joannes Secundus*; yet no Author has been more eſteemed by thoſe who have read him; as well for the Purity and Elegance of his Language, as for the ſingular Beauty of his Thoughts. Indeed we may in ſome Meaſure account for that Neglect which the Writings of our *Secundus* have ſuffered, if we conſider that he wrote at a Period when Science was but juſt gleaming

gleaming in the Weſtern World, ere true Taſte had well emerged from the Errors of *Monkiſh Pedantry*. At this Time the learned Languages were accounted the firſt Branches of Knowledge, merely from their being the moſt difficult of Studies: hence we find that every learned Work of that Age was written in *Latin*; in thoſe Days even Converſation was *Latin*, Poetry *Latin*; nay, very often *Greek* or *Hebrew*; for whatever appeared moſt abſtruſe appeared moſt worthy of Attention: in ſhort, at this Æra a Fondneſs for the dead Languages was carried to the moſt abſurd Exceſſes, particularly in Poetry. But in Proportion as true Taſte improved, theſe affectedly-learned Compoſitions of the *Moderns* came into Diſrepute; and though moſt of them, had they been written in any Language, would never have acquired Immortality, yet in the general Wreck there were *Works* confounded which well merited a better Fate, and among theſe the *Productions* of *Joannes Secundus* may be very deſervedly claſſed.

CONSIDERING,

The Print of *Secundus* with the four Latin Lines under it, which is found in thoſe Editions of his works by *Scriverius*, is here copied and inſerted; but with this Difference, that it is greatly diminiſhed; for this Print in the *Scriverian* Edition is of the Size of the duodecimo Leaf. As to the Cut of *Julia**, preſerved in the ſame Book, I have not thought proper to transfer it here, it being by no Means pertinent to the *Kiſſes*, of which *Neæra* is the Subject; but in its Room I have placed a Frontiſpiece, repreſenting the Subject of the firſt *Baſium*, or the *Origin of Kiſſes*, which I think is more applicable.

It remains that I ſhould make ſome Apology for the *Pieces* added at the End of this Work. It is true they cannot boaſt all the Beauties of *Secundus*; yet they are pretty enough, and may pleaſe ſome of thoſe who take a Delight in

* See an Account of this cut, with its Inſcription, in the *Eſſay on the Life and Writings of Secundus*, Page 21.

Poems of this Nature; but even if we allow them only a ſcanty Share of Merit, we muſt at leaſt allow them the Advantage of ſerving as a Foil to the ſuperior Excellence of the *Dutch Poet*.

AN

of much diſpute, as we have nothing upon Record which ſatisfactorily clears up this Point. The Name of *Nicolaï* all the Children *Nicolaus Everardus* took, poſſibly from their Father's Name *Nicolaus:* but the Name of *Secundus*, which diſtinguiſhes our Author, moſt probably had its Riſe from ſome Pun; for to be ſure he was, as a Poet, *Nemini Secundus*.

But before we proceed any further in our Hiſtory of *Secundus*, let us take a View of the Children of *Nicolaus Everardus*; which were five Sons, and I believe three Daughters: they were all of a ſcientific Caſt; nay, ſuch was the Genius for Literature which this Family poſſeſſed, that it even deſcended to the female Line, as we ſhall learn, mentioning *Iſabella Nicolaïa*. To ſpeak of the Sons of *Everardus*, then, in the ſame order they are ſpoken of in that Treatiſe of the Family preſerved by *Scriverius*, we begin with *Petrus Nicolaïus:* he was an *Eccleaſtic* of the *Order* of *Premontre*, alſo *a Doctor of Divinity* and *of Civil Law*. Next to him was *Everar-*

dus

dus Nicolaïus, who was a Member of the *Grand Council* of *Friezland*, and of the *Grand Council* of *Mechelen*: afterwards *President* of *Friezland*, and of *Mechelen*: he was alſo a *Knight* of the *Order* of the *Golden Fleece*. Then comes *Nicolaus Grudius Nicolaïus* (ſo called becauſe he was born at *Lovain*, the Inhabitants of which Country have ſuppoſed themſelves to be originally the *Grudii* of *Cæſar*—Vide *Cæſ. Comment. de Bel. Gal. ſ*: he was *Treaſurer* of the *Province* of *Brabant*, and one of the *Privy Council*; he was alſo *Knight* and *Regiſter* of the *Order of the Golden Fleece*. *Hadrianus Marius Nicolaïus* is now to be ſpoke of; he was a *Knight* a *Member* of the *Privy Council*, and *High-Chancellor* of *Guelderland* and *Zutphen*.

THUS we ſee it was a Family diſtinguiſhed by Princely Favours; nor were theſe four Brothers deficient in Point of Learning, on the contrary we find many Encomiums paid to their literary Merits, particularly as Poets: that *Nicolaus Grudius* and *Hadrianus Marius* excelled in Poetry is evident, not only from the Teſtimony

of

CONSIDERING, then, that Obſcurity in which he has ſo long continued, it is not very wonderful that ſo few Circumſtances can be collected with Regard to his Hiſtory. For the following Anecdotes of his Life, I am chiefly indebted to a little Treatiſe in an Edition of his Works publiſhed by *Scriverius* in the Year 1631; and theſe Anecdotes are not regularly drawn up into a complete Life of our Author; therefore if my Account of *Secundus* is not entirely ſatisfactory to the *Reader*, it muſt be attributed to a Want of the Exiſtence of neceſſary Materials.

THAT *Joannes Secundus* was deſcended from an ancient and illuſtrious Family in the *Netherlands* is undoubted. His Father *Nicolaus Everardus* was born in the Neighbourhood of *Middelburg* (hence he is often ſtyled *Middelburgenſis*), which is the *chief Town* of the *Province* of *Zeland*, and ſituated in the *Iſland* of *Walcheren*, belonging to that *Province*.

EVERARDUS was accounted a Man of great Erudition, remarkably learned in the Law, and had every Qualification that might complete the Gentleman as well as the Scholar; in ſhort, he was a ſhining Character, and could not fail by ſuch Abilities and Politeneſs as he poſſeſſed to diſtinguiſh himſelf as a Courtier, in which Sphere of Life Fortune had placed him: accordingly we find him a great Favourite with the then Emperor *Charles the Fifth*, and having Employs of the utmoſt Importance; for he was a Member of the *Grand Parliament* or *Council* of *Mechelen*, and was alſo *Preſident* of the *States* of *Holland* and *Zealand*, reſiding at the *Hague* (during his Reſidence at which Place our *Joannes Secundus Nicolaïus* was born, *Anno* 1511): he was afterwards tranſlated to the ſame honourable Poſt at *Mechelen*, where he ended his Days, *Aug.* 5, 1532, aged 70; and at that Place he was buried.

WHENCE our Poet acquired the Names of *Secundus* and *Nicolaïus* may be a Matter

of

7,16 PAGE MISSING

of *Secundus*, but from their remaining compoſitions: the *Cymba Amoris* of *Marius* is a moſt elegant little piece.

ACCORDING to *Scriverius*, our *Poet* comes laſt in Order; whoſe Hiſtory we will reſume after having mentioned his Siſter *Iſabella Nicolaïa*. This lady was an Honour to her Sex, having a remarkable fine Taſte for polite and even claſſical Learning: ſhe was capable of correſponding in *Latin*, as we are informed by an Epiſtle of *Secundus* to her, wherein he regrets the Loſs Society ſuſtained from talents like hers being buried in a Cloiſter; for that ſhe ſpent her Days in a Convent is a Fact, but upon what Account we are not informed. As to the other Siſters of *Secundus*, nothing parcular is related of them.

SUCH were the Children of *Nicolaus Everardus* by his Lady *Eliza Bladella*, who was a native of *Mechelen*, and endowed with every female Accompliſhment.—My Readers may now ſuſpect me of being par-

tial to the very Alliances of a favourite Author, having deſcribed the whole Family of the *Nicolaï* as a Collection of ſhining Characters; but let me clear up their Doubts, by aſſuring them that I am but a faithful Retailer of what I have gathered from Books upon this ſubject.

To return to *Secundus*. The education of ſo great a Genius muſt be allowed a Matter worthy of Reſearch. Our Poet, we learn, firſt trod the paths of Science under the Direction of a Guide no leſs capable of leading him through them than intereſted in the Employ; I mean his own Father, who was Preceptor not to *Secundus* only, but to his Children in general; and they, by their Appearance in Life afterwards, amply repaid the Aſſiduity of ſuch a Preceptor. But we cannot wonder at this, when we reflect, that the *infant Mind* never ripens more advantageouſly than under the Influence of parental Inſtructions; ſuch Influence affects the human Underſtanding

as congenial Skies and native Air affect a Plant; with these the tender Vegetable becomes healthy and vigorous, but removed to some unconstitutional Climate, it grows sickly, and perhaps dies.

ATTENTION to public Business now obliged *Everardus* to seek out for some fit Person to whom he might entrust the Education of his Son *Joannes Secundus*, which he could no longer superintend in such a Manner as to enable him to attain the necessary Improvements to make that Figure he wished in the profession for which he intended him, namely, the *Law*.

ACCORDINGLY he was put under the Care of *Jacobus Volcardus*, who was every Way qualified for the Undertaking, and whose Death *Secundus* mentions in one of his *Nænia* with no small concern. *Rumoldus Stenemola* succeeded him in the place of Tutor, and his Abilities equalled those of *Volcardus*; nor was *Secundus* sparing of his

Compliments upon *Stenemola*, for there are many in his Works: but, indeed, *Secundus* was a youth of ſuch a Caſt, that he could not help retaining a Veneration for all who had aſſiſted him in making any Acquiſition in Point of Learning.

It may not be improper to ſpeak of our Poet's Amuſements, which are a ſtill further Proof of his Love for the fine Arts: theſe were Painting and Sculpture. When I ſpeak of *Secundus* as a *Poet*, I do not reckon Poetry an Amuſement, but a principal Employment; and it truly was ſuch with him, conſidering the Quantity of Verſes he wrote: he was an inſpired Bard at a very early Age; for it is ſaid he began to write Poetry when but ten Years old. His original Works in painting and Sculpture are now extremely ſcarce, and the very Copies of them are become almoſt equally ſo; we learn that he carved all his own Family, his Miſtreſſes (of whom we ſhall make Mention preſently), the Emperor *Charles the Fifth*, ſeveral

ſeveral great Perſonages of thoſe Times, and many of his intimate Friends. In the laſt Edition of the Works of *Secundus*, publiſhed by *Scriverius*, there is a Picture of his Miſtreſs *Julia*, with this Inſcription round it,

VATIS AMATORIS IULIA
SCULPTA MANU.

which is ſaid to be engraved from an original Carving of that Lady, executed by *Secundus*'s own Hand: a Copy of this Print from the *Scriverian* Edition is preſerved in that *Tranſlation* of the *Kiſſes* publiſhed by *Lintot* in the Year 1731, but I have not inſerted it in the preſent Edition, as it no way refers to this Part of the Works of *Secundus*; *Neæra* being the Lady to whom his *Book of Kiſſes* was addreſſed, and not *Julia*: yet *Julia* had equal Honours paid her by the divine Muſe of *Secundus*; for ſhe is the peculiar Subject of the Firſt Book of his *Elegies*, which has her name for its Title.

Secundus having nearly attained the Age of Twenty-one, it was thought neceſſary that under ſome excellent Profeſſor he ſhould regularly ſtudy the *Civil Law*, in which it was hoped he might one Day diſtinguiſh himſelf: for this Purpoſe he quitted *Mechelen*, and went into *France*, where he acquired, under the celebrated *Andreas Alciatus*, at *Bourges* (a City in the *Orleanois*), all that Knowledge which was requiſite to make him ſhine in his Profeſſion. The Character of *Alciatus* as a Civilian is well known, being one of the moſt learned Men in the Law of thoſe Times, and having left many excellent Treatiſes behind him in that Science: he was likewiſe poſſeſſed of general polite Erudition, and had a Turn for Poetry, which Turn beyond a Doubt muſt help to endear him to *Secundus*. The poetic Pieces of *Andreas Alciatus* are extant in ſeveral Collections of modern Latin Poetry, particularly his Emblems.

Our

Our *Poet*, who had now paſſed a Year in the Study of the Law under this very able Teacher, and taken his Degrees, returned to *Mechelen*; but it muſt require a Soul equally impaſſioned with his to conceive his Uneaſineſs, when he found, upon his return, that his *Julia* was married; ſhe who had firſt fanned his youthful Fires, and who had hitherto reigned ſole Miſtreſs of his Heart: for certain it is, that our firſt Impreſſions of Love are not very eaſily effaced, even by Time; and it is not leſs certain, that Memory traces theſe Impreſſions with a peculiar Pleaſure, as in ſo doing it recals to our Minds thoſe Days of Innocence when we enjoyed Love in its pureſt and moſt diſintereſted State. The many tender Things *Secundus* wrote on being deprived of his *Julia* may amply verify theſe Remarks.

However, *Venerilla* ſoon ſupplied the Loſs of *Julia* as a Miſtreſs: ſhe was paſſionately fond of *Secundus*; but there is

Reaſon to ſuſpect he was not ſo much enamoured with her as with his former Lady, or with his *Neæra* who ſucceeded *Venerilla* in the Empire of his Affections. *Neæra* was the laſt Miſtreſs of *Secundus*, and no Doubt had very ſenſibly touched his Heart, ſince ſhe inſpired him with the moſt voluptuous Part of all his Writings, I mean his *Book of Kiſſes*. The Perſon of *Neæra* we cannot particularize, no Carving or Picture of her being extant; but her Character is drawn up at large by her Lover in his Works more than once. In a few words, ſhe was a *fair Inconſtant*, who could play with the Paſſions of a fond Youth ſo as to keep them perpetually inflamed; and as we learn ſhe was a Native of *Spain*, we may conclude her of no cold Diſpoſition.

LET us now view *Secundus* at a Time of Life when the World opened more extenſive Proſpects to him, and when he began to enter into public Employ. *Anno*

1533 we find he went into *Spain*, well recommended to People of the higheſt Rank (particularly Count *Naſſau*); where he became Secretary to the Cardinal *Joannes Tavera*, Archbiſhop of *Toledo*, in a Department of Buſineſs which required a perfect Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue. However, in the midſt of his Occupations, he ſtill found Leiſure to court the Muſes, and wrote many Pieces, among which were his *Kiſſes*; therefore I conclude it was while with the Cardinal that he firſt ſaw the beauteous Subject of them, *Neæra*.

Secundus had not been a Year in *Spain* before the Heat of the Climate proved too powerful for his Conſtitution; being ſeized with a Fever, which had nearly carried him off, but, that Youth was on his Side. This Illneſs he mentions in a Work of his, dated 1534.

The

The Year following, 1535, he accompanied, by the Advice of the Cardinal *Tavera*, the Emperor *Charles the Fifth* to the much-celebrated *Siege of Tunis*, againſt that noted Pirate *Barbaroſſa*. The Emperor was attended in this Expedition by Numbers of Gentlemen of Rank and Fortune, who went as Volunteers; and many Hardſhips they ſuffered; Hardſhips, but little ſuited to the ſoft Diſpoſition of *Secundus*, whoſe Feats of military Valour at this Period are not upon Record: but it is generally agreed, that *War* was leſs his Talent than *Poetry*. It appears remarkable, that *Secundus* wrote nothing poetical of Note upon the *Siege of Tunis*, which might have furniſhed him with ample Matter for an *epic Poem*; but perhaps the Subject was for *ſome Reaſons* diſguſting to him.

Being returned from his martial Expedition, the Cardinal ſent him upon a very honourable Embaſſy to *Rome*, namely, to congratulate the Pope, *Paul the Third*, upon

upon the Succeſs of the Emperor's Arms; but, extreme Illneſs overtaking him on the Road, he was neceſſitated almoſt immediately to turn back, and ſeek the Benefit of his native Air, which recovered him.

SECUNDUS, having now quitted the Archbiſhop *of Toledo*, was employed by the Biſhop *of Utrecht* in the ſame Office of Secretary; and ſo much had he hitherto diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his Abilities, that in a ſhort Time after this he was ſent for (without any other Recommendation than his well-known Learning) by the firſt *Prothonotary* of the Emperor *Charles the Fifth*, who was then in *Italy*, to take upon him the charge of thoſe *Latin Letters* ſigned by the Emperor's own Hand. But, ere he could enter upon this new and honourable Poſt, Death put a Stop to his Career of Glory; for, being arrived at *Saint Amand*, in the Diſtrict of *Tournay*, in order to meet upon Buſineſs the Biſhop *of Utrecht*, who is *Abbot* or

Pro-Abbot of the *Monaſtery of Benedictines* there, he was cut off by a violent Fever within five Days after his Arrival, in the very Flower of his Age, (not having yet completed his twenty-fifth Year,) *Oct. 8th*, 1536. He was interred in the *Church* of the aboveſaid *Monaſtery*; and his near Relations erected a Marble Tomb to his Memory, whoſe *Inſcription* is thus preſerved by *Aubertus Miræus* in the firſt (though not in the ſecond) Edition of his *Elogii Belgarum*:

IOANNI HAGENSI
SECRETARIO REVERENDISS. DO-
MINI TRAIECTENSIS, ET ABBATIÆ
HVIVS PRÆLATI FRATRES ET SO-
RORES POSVERE.
OBIIT A. cIↃ IↃ XXXVI.
VIII. KAL. OCTOB.

Aubertus Miræus alſo ſpeaks of a ſimilar *French* one.

Scriverius

SCRIVERIUS gives us the following *Epitaph*, which he found in *Douza's* Hand-Writing:

IOANNI SECVNDO HAGENSI BATAVO, I. C^TO ORATORI AC POETÆ CLARISS. FINGENDI QVOQ. AC SCVLPENDI LAVDATISS. ARTIFICI, QVI PRIMVM IN HISPANIIS, IOANNI TAVERÆ TOLETANO CARDINALI; DEINDE IN PATRIA, ILLVSTRI GEORGIO AB EGMONDA, TRAIECTENSI PRÆSVLI, ET HVIVS LOCI PRIMATI, AB EPISTOLIS ET SECRETIS FVIT; POSTREMO AB CAROLO V. IMP. AVG. ACCERSITVS. VT EANDEM DEINCEPS APVD SE FVNCTIONEM OBIRET, IMMATVRA NIMIVM MORTE RAPTO, MATER, FRATRES, AC SORORES TRISTISSIMI DESIDERII MONIMENTVM POSUERVNT.

VIXIT AN. IIII. ET XX. MENS. X. DIES X. OBIIT ANNO AB RESTITVTA SALVTE M. D. XXXVI. VIII CALEND. OCTOB.

THIS

THIS *Epitaph* was effaced during the Civil Wars; but *Franciſcus Sweertius*, in his Work *De Selectis Orbis Chriſtiani Deliciis*, among the *Tornacenſia*, ſhews it to be thus reſtored in the *Nave* of the *Monaſtery Church* of *Saint Amand*, by the Abbot *Carolus de Par*, at the Deſire of *Dionyſius Villerius* and *Hieronymus Winghius*.

IOANNI SECUNDO HAGIENSI
Poëtæ celeberrimo & nulli ſecundo: cujus tumulum hæreticorum furore anno cIɔIɔLXVI *violatum*, CAROLUS DE PAR *Abbas, ob tanti viri memoriam reſtaurari C.*
Obijt anno cIɔ Iɔ XXXVI, *Kalend. Octob. à Secretis Georgii Egmondani Trajectenſ. Epiſcopi, hujus loci Pro-Abbatis.*

HAVING informed my Reader of every Circumſtance I am acquainted with relative to the *Life* of *Joannes Secundus*, which ſeems to have been a Life chiefly ſpent in Improvement,

Improvement, yet by no Means eſtranged to pleaſure, and the Indulgence of the ſofter Paſſions; let me now ſay ſomething of his *Works*, which, for the Satisfaction of thoſe who may be any Way ſolicitous in their Enquiries after this *Author*, I ſhall enumerate, as they ſtand in the ſecond Edition of *Scriverius*, which is the moſt copious of any Edition of *Secundus*, I have yet ſeen. They are as follow:

Series Operum omnium quæ reperiri potuerunt.

IULIA, Eleg. LIB. I.
AMORES, Eleg. LIB. II.
AD DIVERSOS, Eleg. LIB. III.
BASIA, incomparabilis & divinus prorſus liber.
EPIGRAMMATA.
ODARUM, Liber unus.
EPISTOLARUM, Liber unus Elegiaco.
EPISTOLARUM, Liber alter Heroicio carmine ſcriptus.

FUNERUM

FUNERUM, Liber unus.
SYLVÆ, & CARMINUM Fragmenta.
POEMATA nonnulla Fratrum.
ITINERARIA Secundi tria, &c.
EPISTOLÆ totidem, ſoluta oratione.

To theſe is added an Epiſtle of *Hadrianus Marius (Secundus's Brother)* to *Servatius Zaſſenus*, a Bookſeller at *Lovain*, which throws ſome Lights upon the earlier Editions of *Secundus:* alſo, a every excellent Treatiſe, entitled *De Io: Secundo, Hagenſi; Deque Nicolao Patre, & Gente Nicolaïa*; which contains upon the Whole the moſt ſatisfactory Account of *Secundus* and his *Family* I have yet met with: and to this is added a little Poem of *Douza*'s. Laſtly, are ſome Pieces under the Title of *Manes Io*: Secundi; *Auctoribus, Hadriano Mario, & Nicolao Grudio, Fratribus*

WHAT Character theſe *Works* bear, is a Queſtion hardly neceſſary, when we ſee prefixed

prefixed to them the Teſtimonies of ſeveral excellent Critics; as *Lilius Greg. Gyraldus*, *Julius Cæſar Scaliger*, *Theodorus Beza*, and many others equally celebrated in the Republic of Letters; nor are the Commendations of his *Brothers* and his *Editors* (*Cripius* and *Scriverius* in particular) to be diſregarded; but, in ſhort, every Writer who mentions *Secundus* ſpeaks of him with Rapture. To give my Reader a general Idea of the great Eſtimation in which his Poems are held, I will inſert the following *Critique*, from a certain *French* Writer; which, upon the Whole, is the moſt juſt and conciſe of any I know relative to the Subject:

On a de ce jeune Poëte Latin trois Livres d'Elegies; un d'Epigrammes; deux d'Epitres; un d'Odes; un de Silves; un de Pieces funebres; un de Pieces galantes, qu'il a intitulé BASIA; & quelques autres Ouvrages poëtiques, qui ne ſe peuvent point rapporter à aucune de ces Eſpeces. Ces

Ouvrages font voir que SECUNDUS avoit l'Esprit delicat, agreable, & enjoué; ce qui est d'autant plus remarquable, qu'il etoit né dans un Climat qui ne paroit point favorable à la Gentilesse d'Esprit, qui est necessairie à ceux qui veulent reussir dans la belle Poësie, Il ne sortoit rein de sa Veine que d'excellent, quoiqu'elle fut fort abondante, qu'elle coulât avec la plus grande Facilité du Monde, & qu'il composât sur-le-champ tout ce qu'il vouloit. Il est doux, tranquille, et fort net dans ses Elegies; subtil & delicat dans ses Epigrammes; agreable & noble dans ses Vers lyriques; grave dans ses Pieces funebres, sans etre enflé ni guindé. On puet dire en general qu'il a le Style plein, elegant, & tendre dans tous ses Ouvrages; & que, s'il avoit eu le Loisir de travailler & de se perfectionner dans l'Epopée ou le Poëme Epique, il y auroit excellé; mais sa Muse est un peu trop lascive.

" This

"This young Poet has left us three Books
" of Elegies; one of Epigrams; two of
" Epiftles; one of Sylvæ; one of Funera;
" one of gallant Pieces, which he has enti-
" tled BASIA; and fome other poetical
" Productions, which no Way relate to
" any of the above-mentioned Kinds of Poe-
" try. Thefe Works altogether prove that
" SECUNDUS was poffeffed of a de-
" licate, pleafing, and lively Imagination;
" which is by fo much the more re-
" markable, as he was born in a Cli-
" mate that does not appear the moft
" favourable to polite Tafte, fo neceffary
" for all who would diftinguifh them-
" felves in elegant Poetry. His Genius,
" though extremely fertile, never produced
" any Thing but what was excellent, and
" that with the greateft Eafe, and almoft
" inftantaneoufly. He is fweet, calm,
" and at the fame Time perfpicuous in
" his Elegies; delicately fubtle in his
" Epigrams; pleafingly noble in his lyric
" Compofitions; grave in his Funera,

"without any Thing pompous or bom-
"bastic. In short, throughout all his
"Works we may pronounce his Style to
"be full, elegant, and tender; and we
"may be assured, that had his Leisure
"permitted him to have undertaken and
"improved himself in epic Poetry, he
"would have excelled in it; but his
"Muse is somewhat too wanton."

SECUNDUS seems to have been a general Imitator of all the tender Writers of Antiquity, as *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, *C. Gallus*, *Ovid*, *Horace*, *&c.* but that he has particularly borrowed his expressions from *Tibullus* and *Propertius*, I think will be very perceptible to any one who compares those Authors with *Secundus*. *Catullus* is imagined to have given him the first Hint of his *Kisses*; and I think it very probable, as there are many of the Pieces of *Catullus* which may well be termed *Basia*: such are his fifth, seventh, and ninth *Carmina*.

AND

AND here it may not be improper to ſpeak of *Joannes Bonefonius*, whoſe *Book of Kiſſes*, or *Pancharis* (as it is called, from the Lady's Name to whom the *Kiſſes* were addreſſed), is evidently written in Imitation of the *Kiſſes* of *Secundus*. This Author was born in *France* at *Clermont*, a litttle Town in the Territory of *Auvergne*; he was *Lieutenant-General* of *Bar-ſur-Seine*, and flouriſhed under the Reign of *Henry the Third*, but did not die till the Reign of *Lewis the Thirteenth*. His *Kiſſes*, which are thirty-two in Number, and to which is added a Poem called *Pervigilium Veneris*, a poor Attempt after the Manner of the *Epithalamium Laſcivum* of *Secundus*, have the higheſt Encomiums beſtowed upon them by *Borrichius*, *Rapin*, *Menage*, and others; but in general they are eſteemed far inferior to the *Kiſſes* of the *Dutch Poet*, as they are deficient in that Delicacy of Thought and Expreſſion which diſtinguiſhes *Secundus*: beſides, the greater Part of them, though they may be

gallant Pieces, cannot be called *Basia*, as they no Way refer to the Subject: for Instance the following:

BONEFONII BASIUM XXIV.

En flores tibi mitto discolores,
Pallentemque rosam, & rosam, rubentem;
Illam cùm aspicies, miselli amantis
Puta pallidulos videre vultus:
Cùm tueberis hanc rubore tinctam,
Putes igne rubens cor intueri.

Which may be thus rendered:

In this little Wreath unite
Roses red, and Roses white;
Take it, *beauteous Maid*, and trace
In the *White* my love-sick Face:
But the *Red*'s an Emblem true
Of my Heart enflam'd by you.

HOWEVER, at the End of this Book I have added, as a Specimen of the Writing of

of *Bonefonius*, one of thoſe Kiſſes which may be allowed the Appellation.

The Works of this Poet are generally accompanied with a French Tranſlation, which has been wrongfully attributed by ſome to *Bonefonius* himſelf; and alſo with ſeveral pretty Pieces of the old French Poetry, under the Title of *Gayetez Amoureuſes*: yet there are Editions of the Latin of *Bonefonius* only. Before I have done with this Author, let me add, that he ought not be confounded with his Son *Joannes Bonefonius*, who, I am informed, was a Latin Poet, but with whoſe Writings I am totally unacquainted.

Joannes Lernutius, a Native of *Holland*, is another Latin Poet, who wrote, in Imitation of *Secundus*, a Book of *Kiſſes*, to the Amount of thirty; beſides a ſeparate Number tranſlated from various old *Greek Authors*, which he ſtyles *Baſia Græcorum verſa Latine*. I know nothing of his

Hiſtory; but that he wrote after, or much about the ſame Time with, *Secundus*, is evident from ſome of his Verſes, wherein he ſpeaks highly in his Praiſe. This Author I met with in the third Part of the *Delitiæ Poetarum Belgicorum*; a Work I ſhall have Occaſion to make further Mention of preſently. His Pieces are the following: A Book of little Poems in praiſe of Eyes, which he terms *Ocelli*; his *Baſia*; a Book of *Elegies*; ſome *Epicedia*, or *Funeral-Songs*, which he names *Funus Lipſianum*, being written on the Death of *Lipſius*; a Book of *Epigrams*; a Book of *Epinicia*, or *Songs of Triumph*; ſome little poetical Productions, addreſſed to his Friends, entitled *Strenæ*, or New-Year's-Gifts; and ſome others, on different Perſons which he calls *Encomia*. A few Lines from *Lernutius* may be found among my Notes to the *Kiſſes*.

Though the Works of *Secundus* have gone through many Editions, yet all are

at

at preſent become extremely ſcarce; the earlier ones in particular; inſomuch that this Poet is hardly known to have exiſted. In an Engliſh Tranſlation of his *Baſia*, publiſhed ſome Years ago, I found, very accurately drawn up, an Account of the various Editions of *Secundus*, by Way of Poſtſcript to a *Diſſertation* to *Sir Richard Mead, Bart.* which *Diſſertation*, by the bye, contains the Life of *Secundus*. The general Heads of this Account I ſhall here ſet down, for the Benefit of ſuch as may be intereſted or curious in their Reſearches after our *Author*.

THAT none of the works of *Joannes Secundus* came out during his Life is certain; but we are informed that, a ſhort Time before he died, he had a Deſign of publiſhing, and had already laid down the Order in which his Pieces ſhould be printed. This Order his Brother *Marius* adopted, who, after the Death of *Secundus*, was preparing an Edition of his Works for the

the Preſs, but was diverted from his Deſign by the following Incident:

SECUNDUS's *Nænia* and *Epitaph* upon *Sir Thomas More*, an Engliſhman, who was beheaded in the Reign of our *Henry the Eighth*, (the *Nænia* ſigned *Eraſmus*, and the *Epitaph Io: S.*) were publiſhed by a German Printer ſurreptitiouſly, and ſome Time after republiſhed (when the *Epitaph* was ſigned *Joannes Sapidus*); but the Copy which the Bookſeller had procured being extremely imperfect, *Marius*, in Juſtice to his deceaſed Brother as a Scholar, publiſhed correctly the *Nænia* and *Epitaph* alone: this Book was printed at *Lovain*, *Anno* 1536, by *Servatius Zaſſenus*, and is now of all others the moſt ſcarce of any Edition of *Secundus*.

BALLET mentions the *Baſia* of *Secundus* to have come out ſeparately, in 4to, *Lugd. apud Griph.* 1536, and another Edition of them in 1539. *Scriverius* alſo ſpeaks of a 4to

a 4to Edition of his *Basia* separate, printed at *Paris* in 1538: and *Baillet* likewise says that his *Regia Pecunia*, which is among the *Sylvæ* in the *Scriverian* Edition, was printed separate, in 4to, *Lugd.* 1552.

But no Edition of the Works of *Secundus* complete came out till the Year 1541, when an Edition was printed by *Hermannus Borculous, Batav.* in small 8vo, which was supposed to have been put out by *Marius*: still some political Pieces relative to the *English* Court were in this new Edition suppressed, for private Reasons.

The next perfect Edition of our Poet's Works was that of *Gulielmus Cripius*, which was published at *Paris*, 1561, *apud Andream Wechelum*; it was a much smaller 8vo, and of a much fairer Impression than the former Edition; it was also accompanied with the *Hymns* and *Epigrams*

Epigrams of *Marullus*. And in the Year 1582 this Edition was reprinted.

SECUNDUS afterwards appeared in a Work printed by *Albinus*; which contained *Marullus*, *Angerianus*, and *Secundus*. It came out in *Germany*, 1595, *apud Bernardum Albinum*; but this Edition, which is in 12mo, as to Letter and Paper, is very much inferior to that of *Cripius*. The *Nænia* and *Epitaph* on *Sir Thomas More* are in this Edition added, as the Productions of *Secundus*.

WE now come to the Editions of *Scriverius*, who is by far the beſt Editor of *Secundus*. *Scriverius* publiſhed his firſt Edition in the Year 1619, *Lugduni Batavorum*, *Typis Jacobi Marci*; it is an 8vo, and contains, beſides Amendments in thoſe Poems which were before printed, the following Additions, *viz*. A Collection of very reſpectable *Teſtimonies*; an *Account* of the *Life* and *Family* of *Secundus*; the

Letter

Letter from *Marius* to *Zaſſenus*, concerning that Edition of his Brother's Works which *Marius* firſt publiſhed; ſome *Fragments* of Poetry; a few familiar *proſe Epiſtles* by *Secundus*; and, laſtly, the three *Itineraries* of *Secundus*, which are in Proſe, and of an eaſy elegant Style: theſe *Itineraries* were firſt publiſhed ſeparate at *Leyden*, by *Heinſius*, (who procured them from the Public Library of that Place,) *ex Officina Jacobi Marci*, 1618. The Subject of the Firſt *Itinerary* of *Secundus* is his Journey from *Mechelen* to *Bourges*, in *France*, when he went to ſtudy under *Alciatus*; that of the Second, his Return from *Mechelen* to *Bourges*; and that of the Third, his Journey into *Spain*, which he very pleaſingly deſcribes as far as *Almoigna*. We muſt remark, that in this Edition the *Baſia* are twenty-two in Number; as they include that *Sylva* of the ſecond Edition of *Scriverius* entitled *Epithalamium laſcivum*, and the 24th and 58th *Epigrams*. And

we

we muſt further obſerve, that there are two Cuts; the one is a Portrait of *Secundus*, repreſented with his carving Implements before him, and holding in his Hand a little oval Sculpture of his Miſtreſs *Julia*; this Portrait is undoubtedly engraved from ſome remarkable Painting by *Scorellius*: the other Cut is a ſmall Head of *Julia*; which, from the Inſcription round it, we may conclude to be copied from a Carving executed by her *Poet*, and is moſt probably the ſame as that with which *Secundus* is drawn in his Hand.

THE Second Edition of *Scriverius* came out *Lugduni Batavorum, apud Franciſcum Hegerum*, 1631. It is in 12mo, and of a ſmaller Type than the former; its Emendations are conſiderable; and among its Additions are particularly the Poems of *Nicolaus Grudius*, and of *Hadrianus Marius*, whoſe *Cymba Amoris* is a moſt beautiful Compoſition. This Edition of *Secundus*

is,

is, as far as I know, the moſt ample of any hitherto publiſhed.

A THIRD Edition was publiſhed by *Scriverius*, in 1651, *apud Franciſcum Moyaert, Lugduni Batavorum*; it differs in nothing from the preceding Edition, except that I think it much leſs correctly printed. The Author from whom I have extracted this Account of the various Editions, ſays, that he never could get any intelligence of this Edition, though *Monſ. Baillet* mentions that ſuch a one was extant: indeed, I doubted of its Exiſtence myſelf till I ſaw it, for it is by no Means common.

AN Edition of *Secundus*, in 12mo, very lately fell into my Hands, printed at *Paris* in 1748, *Sumptibus Societatis*; the Letter and Paper are indifferent enough, as are the Cuts of *Secundus* and of *Julia*, copied after thoſe in the ſecond *Scriverian* Edition, from which it ſeems to be printed.

I LIKEWISE

I LIKEWISE met with a great Part of the Poems of *Secundus*, in a little 12mo Latin Collection, at *Paris*, where the Book was printed, though the Title-Page has *Lugduni Batavorum*, 1757. This Collection contains the following Poems: *Marci Antonii Mureti Juvenilia*; *Joannis Secundi Hagiensis Juvenilia: Pancharis Joannis Bonefonii Arverni*, that is his *Basia*; and *Theodori Bezæ Vezelii Poemata*. These *Juvenilia* of *Secundus* are his *Kisses*; the two first Books of his *Elegies*, comprised in one, with the three *Elegiæ Solennes*; a Part of his *Epigrams*; some few of his *Odes*; and lastly, the *Epithalamium*. Two very good Cuts of *Muretus* and of *Beza* ornament this Work, prefixed to their separate Productions.

IT is proper to add, that the poetic Part of *Secundus* may be met with in a Book whose Title is *Delights of the Belgic Poets*; it was published at *Francfort*, in 16. *Anno* 1614, by *Ranutius Gerus*, which is only

only the Author's real Name *Janus Gruterus*, diſguiſed under an Anagram. This Work is divided into four Volumes; the fourth, among others, contains the Poems of *Secundus*; the third, thoſe of his Brother *Hadrianus Marius*; and in the ſecond Volume we find the Poems of his Brother *Nicolaus Grudius*: it is a very rare Work to procure.

THUS much for the Editions of *Secundus*; let us come now to his Tranſlators and Imitators. That Part of his Works which had the greateſt Share of Beauty and Originality, we may conclude, would be moſt likely to be tranſlated and imitated: in Effect it has ſo proved; for, except his *Book of Kiſſes*, which are indiſputably truly beautiful and original, I cannot find that any entire ſelect Portion of his Works has been attempted; though I have ſeen ſeveral occaſional Tranſlations of his *Epigrams* and *Elegies*: but the *Baſia*, which have ever been in the higheſt Eſteem, can boaſt two

very early imitators, *Bonefonius* and *Lernutius:* they have been already ſpoken of; therefore we will proceed to his firſt Tranſlator in any modern Language, who was a Mr. *Stanley*, well known for having written that much-eſteemed Work, *The Lives of the Philoſophers*. He tranſlated into Engliſh fourteen only of the nineteen *Baſia* of *Secundus*, (omitting the 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 14th,) which were publiſhed, with many other miſcellaneous *Poems* and *Tranſlations*, in the year 1651. *Anacreon*, *Bion*, and *Moſchus*, are tranſlated entire; and his Book is prefaced with a little poetical Dedication to *Love:* it is now exceedingly rare and valuable; but its Scarcity is hardly to be regretted, were it not for its Antiquity, as Mr. *Stanley*'s Numbers would but little pleaſe a modern Ear.

To enquire how far *Secundus* has been copied in any other Tongue would be tedious, and indeed would lead me far beyond

beyond the intended Bounds of this *Eſſay*; yet I cannot help taking Notice of a very ſplendid Publication of *Monſieur Dorat*'s, which came out within theſe few Years in *France*, entitled *Les Baſiers*; it is enriched with *Vignettes* and *Culs-de-Lampes*, repreſenting the Subject of every *Kiſs*; and here moſt of the *Baſia* of *Secundus* are imitated, not tranſlated: this Book ſells at an exorbitant Price; but the Engravings, it is true, are inimitable. Specimens of *Monſ. Dorat*'s Style of Compoſition may be ſeen ſcattered among the Notes to the *Kiſſes*; and there is one entire Piece of his at the End of this Work, entitled *Hymne âu Baſier*. Some one was ſoon after induced to put out the *Baſia* of *Secundus*, very imperfectly copied, and accompanied with a miſerable *French* Tranſlation in Proſe; which the Author ſays may ſerve as a *Supplement* to the *Kiſſes* of *Monſieur Dorat*; but this Edition is not worth Mention, nor ſhould I have touched upon it, had not *Monſieur Dorat's* Book led me to it.

I AM much ſurpriſed that no *Italian* Author has ever yet attempted a poetical Verſion of theſe *Kiſſes*, which might be very gracefully and amorouſly turned into *Italian*, that Language poſſeſſing a thouſand little Delicacies and tender Expreſſions which would well correſpond with the Subject: but certain it is, that the *Kiſſes* of *Secundus* never appeared in an *Italian* Dreſs. To return to the *Engliſh* Tranſlations.

THAT celebrated Poet Mr. *Fenton* tranſlated the *firſt* and *ſecond Baſia*, in ſuch a Manner as makes me regret he had not tranſlated them all; and Mr. *Ward*, Author of ſeveral good Poems, among which his *Phœnix-Park* is in no ſmall Eſtimation, tranſlated the *ninth* and *ſixteenth*. *Fenton*'s Poems is a well-known Book; however, both *Fenton*'s and *Ward*'s are to be found in the ſecond Volume of that excellent Collection of Poems, entitled *Pope*'s *Miſcellanies*.

BUT

But the only Tranflation of the *Kiffes* of *Secundus* complete, that has hitherto appeared, came out in 1731, printed by *Henry Lintot*, in 12mo, without the Author's Name affixed to it: this Tranflation is every where accompanied with the original Latin; and, though it is an Edition of fuch late Date, it is at prefent with Difficulty procured: it has Copies, engraved by the celebrated *Picart*, of the Cuts of *Secundus* and *Julia*, from the *Scriverian* Edition; that of *Secundus* comprehends the whole duodecimo Leaf, but that of *Julia* is fmall, and placed in the Middle of a Title-Page, as the Print of *Secundus*, is in this Book. It contains a Differtation, treating of the *Life* of *Secundus*, with a Poftfcript concerning the various Editions; and another Differtation which forms a *Critique* upon the *Bafia*. The Tranflations of *Fenton* and *Ward* are preferved; and the two *Epigrams*, included among the *Bafia* of the firft Edition of *Scriverius*, ftand here, one by Way of *Prologue*, the other by Way of *Epilogue* to the *Kiffes*. The *Epithalamium*, or 20th *Kifs* in the firft Edition of *Scriverius*, is

alſo retained; which having been ever allowed a moſt finiſhed Piece, I ſhall take the Liberty to inſert it at the End of the *Baſia*, with a *new Tranſlation*, that I hope my Readers will eſteem at leaſt equal to the *old one* I had adopted in my *firſt Edition* of theſe *Kiſſes*. I have likewiſe preſerved the *Epigrams*, with the old Tranſlator's Verſification of them, which may ſerve to give ſome Idea of his Style, though perhaps to the Diſparagement of the preſent *Editor*.

E P I G R A M S.

JOANNIS SECUNDI,

DE

LIBELLO SUO

BASIORUM,

EPIGRAMMA.

CASTA quòd enervi cantamus BASIA *libro;*
Versibus eludit fusca LYCINNA *meis.*
Et me languiduli VATEM *vocat* ÆLIA *penis;*
Quæ VENEREM *in triviis porticibusque locat.*
Scilicet expectant nostrum quoque noscere penem?
Parcite, TURPICULÆ! MENTULA *nulla mihi est.*
Nec vobis canto, nec vobis BASIA *figo.*
ISTA *legat teneri sponsa rudis pueri.*
ISTA *tener sponsus, nondum maturus ad arma,*
Exercet variis quæ VENUS *alma modis.*

EPIGRAM

OF

JOANNES SECUNDUS,

UPON HIS BOOK OF

KISSES.

LYCINNA ſcorns my KISSES; they are chaſte!
Enerv'd I ſeem in her experienc'd Taſte:
And ÆLIA calls Me, "BARD WITH LANGUID
STRINGS:"
She that to Love in ſtreets her Off'rings brings
Perhaps, my utmoſt STRENGTH they ſeek to know!
And VIGOR prove!—GO HATEFUL WANTONS, go!
My STRENGTH, my VIGOR, long deſpair to find;
For You theſe KISSES never were deſign'd;
Never for YOU were theſe ſoft Meaſures wrought:
Read ME, ye tender BRIDES of BOYS untaught!
Read ME, of BRIDES untaught ye tender Boys!
Yet new to VENUS' ſweetly-varying JOYS!

JOANNIS SECUNDI,

AD

GRAMMATICOS,

Cur scribat lasciviùs,

EPIGRAMMA.

CARMINA cur spargam cunctis lasciva libellis,
Quæritis? insulsos arceo GRAMMATICOS.

Fortia magnanimi canerem si CÆSARIS *arma,*
Factave DIVORUM *religiosa* VIRUM:

Quot miser exciperemque notas, patererque lituras?
Quot fierem teneris supplicium pueris?

At nunc uda mihi dictent cum BASIA *carmen,*
Pruriat et versu mentula multa meo;

Me legat innuptæ juvenis placiturus amicæ,
Et placitura novo blanda puella viro:

Et

EPIGRAM

OF

JOANNES SECUNDUS

TO THE

GRAMMARIANS.

WHY HE WRITES WANTONLY.

WHY thus I ſport in wanton meaſur'd Strains;
Why LOVE, in ev'ry Verſe, luxuriant, reigns?
To fright dull PEDANTS, learnedly-un-bred;
And SCHOLIASTS baniſh, un-politely read.
Shou'd I my Voice to mighty CÆSAR raiſe;
Or tempt, of SAINT-LIKE MEN, the ſacred Praiſe:
What Notes (oppreſſive Weight!) muſt I endure;
What Comments, obvious Readings to obſcure?
Expos'd, alas! to what unletter'd Strains?
To Boys the certain Cauſe of future Pains?
But while on KISSES I employ my Song;
KISSES! or moiſt or dry, or ſhort or long;
Me, ſummon the un-married Youth to Aid!
Me, bent on Joy, the newly-married Maid!

Me,

Et quemcumque juvat lepidorum de grege vatum
Otia feſtivis ludere deliciis.

Luſibus at lætis procul hinc abſiſtite, SÆVI
GRAMMATICI, *injuſtas et cohibete manus.*

Ne puer, ob molleis cæſus lacrymanſque lepores;
DURAM FORTE MEIS OSSIBUS OPTET HUMUM.

Me, the gay Bard, whom lighter Studies pleaſe;
Wiſely-indulging in delicious Eaſe!
But from theſe Sports, YE SAVAGE HERD, abſtain!
Theſe never with un-hallow'd Hands profane!
Nor turn to Grief what we to mirth deſign!
Leſt, puniſh'd for ſome ſoft perverted Line,
Wrong'd Innocence, with Tears unjuſtly ſhed,
"WISH THE COLD EARTH LIE HEAVY ON THE DEAD."

THE KISSES OF JOANNES SECUNDUS.

JOANNIS SECUNDI BASIA.

KISSES.

B A S I A.

BASIUM I.

Cum Venus Ascanium *ſuper alta* Cythera *tuliſſet,*
Sopitum teneris impoſuit violis;
Albarum nimbos circumfuditque roſarum,
Et totum liquido ſparſit odore locum.

Mox

[*Cum* Venus Ascanium, &c. This is an Imitation of the following Lines from *Virgil:*

At Venus Aſcanio *placidam per membra quietem*
Irrigat: et fotum gremio Dea *tollit in altos*
Idaliæ *lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum*
Floribus et dulci aſpirans complectitur umbrâ.

Virg. *Æneid. Lib.* 1.

Mean

KISSES.

KISS I.

WHEN young ASCANIUS, by the QUEEN OF
LOVE,
Was borne to ſweet CYTHERA's lofty Grove,
His languid Limbs upon a Couch ſhe laid,
A fragrant Couch! of new-blown Vi'lets made;
The bliſsful Bow'r with ſhadowing Roſes crown'd,
And balmy-breathing Airs diffus'd around.

> Mean Time the *Goddeſs* on *Aſcanius* throws
> A balmy Slumber, and a ſweet Repoſe;
> Lull'd in her Lap to Reſt, the *Queen of Love*
> Convey'd him to the high *Idalian* Grove:
> There on a flow'ry Bed her Charge ſhe laid,
> And, breathing round him, roſe the fragrant Shade.
>
> PITT.

Mox veteres animo revocavit ADONIDIS *igneis,*
Notus & irrepſit ima peroſſa calor.

O, quoties voluit circundare colla nepotis!
O, quoties dixit, "Talis ADONIS *erat!"*

Sed placidam PUERI *metuens turbare quietem,*
Fixit vicinis BASIA *mille roſis.*

Ecce calent illæ, cupidæque per ora DIONES
Aura, ſuſurranti flamine, lenta ſubit.

Quotque roſas tetigit, tot BASIA *nata repentè*
Gaudia reddebant multiplicata DEÆ.

At

[" *Talis* ADONIS *erat!*" &c.] *Adonis* was the Son of *Cynaras*, King of *Cyprus*, by his own Daughter *Myrrha*; he was a Youth of exquiſite Beauty, tenderly beloved by *Venus*: it is ſaid he was ſlain, in hunting, by a wild Boar; which Fable has given Riſe to one of the moſt beautiful Compoſitions extant, well known to every claſſical Reader: I mean *Bion's* firſt *Idyllium*, wherein *Venus* laments, with ſweeteſt Language, the Death of her Lover, who was changed into an Anemone, as *Ovid* tells us.

[*Ecce calent illæ*, &c.] This Metamorphoſis reminds me of one ſomething like it, in *Shakeſpeare*:

Yet mark'd I where the Bolt of *Cupid* fell:
It fell upon a little weſtern Flow'r,
Before milk-white, now purple with Love's Wound;
And Maidens call it *Love in Idleneſs*.

SHAK. *Midſummer-Night's Dream.*

I would

The sleeping YOUTH in Silence she admir'd;
And, with Remembrance of ADONIS fir'd,
Strong and more strong her wonted Flames return'd,
Thrill'd in each Vein, and in her Bosom burn'd.
How oft she wish'd, as she survey'd his Charms,
Around his Neck to throw her eager Arms!
Oft would she say, admiring ev'ry Grace,
"Such was ADONIS! such his lovely Face!"
But fearing lest this fond Excess of Joy
Might break the Slumber of the BEAUTEOUS BOY,
On ev'ry Rose-bud that around him blow'd
A thousand nectar'd KISSES she bestow'd;
And strait each op'ning Bud, which late was white,
Blush'd a warm Crimson to th' astonish'd Sight:
Still in DIONE's Breast soft Wishes rise,
Soft Wishes! vented with soft-whisper'd Sighs!
Thus, by her Lips unnumber'd Roses press'd,
KISSES, unfolding in sweet Bloom, confess'd;
And, flush'd with Rapture at each new-born KISS,
She felt her swelling Soul o'erwhelm'd in Bliss.

I would not insinuate, by this Quotation, that *Shakespeare* was indebted to *Secundus* for his Thought; as it may be reasonably contended, whether the *English Poet* was Scholar sufficient to be acquainted with the *Latin Bard.* That same Luxuriance of Fancy, which both equally possessed, might certainly inspire each with similar Ideas.

[library stamp]

At CYTHEREA, *natans niveis per nubila cygnis,*
Ingentis terræ cœpit obire globum.

TRIPTOLEMIQUE *modo, fœcundis* OSCULA *glebis*
Sparsit, & ignotos ter dedit ore sonos.

Inde seges felix nata est mortalibus agris;
Inde medela meis unica nata malis.

Salvete æternùm, miseræ moderamina flammæ,
Humida de gelidis BASIA *nata rosis.*

En ego sum, vestri quo VATE *canentur honores,*
Nota MEDUSÆI *dum juga montis erunt;*

Et

[TRIPTOLEMIQUE, *modo &c.*] *Triptolemus*, according to *Hyginus*, was the Son of *Eleusius*; or, according to *Pausanias*, Son of *Celeus* of *Eleusius*, a Town of *Athens*. He was bred up from his Infancy by *Ceres*, who fed him with Milk in the Day, and covered him with Fire at Night: she taught him Agriculture, and sent him over the World in a Chariot loaded with Corn, to teach Mankind that Science; when he first instructed *Greece*. Thus *Ovid* briefly mentions him:

Iste quidem mortalis erit: sed primus arabit,
Et seret, et cultâ præmia tollet humo.

OVID. *Fast. Lib.* 4.

'Tis true, the Youth shall be a Mortal born,
Nor shall his Hands instructive Labour scorn;
He first shall plough, first sow the grateful Soil,
And reap the Blessings that await such Toil.

[*Nota* MEDUSÆI *dum juga, &c.*] *Parnassus*, the *Muses's Hill*, was said to have two Summits, in the Cleft between which if

any

Now round this Orb, soft-floating on the Air,
The BEAUTEOUS GODDESS speeds her radiant Car:
As in gay Pomp the harness'd Cygnets fly,
Their snow-white Pinions glitter thro' the Sky;
And like TRIPTOLEMUS, whose bounteous Hand
Strew'd golden Plenty o'er the fertile Land,
Fair CYTHEREA, as she flew along,
O'er the vast Lap of Nature KISSES flung:
Pleas'd from on high she view'd th' enchanted Ground,
And from her Lips thrice fell a magic Sound:
HE gave to mortals Corn on ev'ry Plain;
But SHE those Sweets which mitigate my Pain.

Hail, then, ye KISSES! that can best assuage
The Pangs of Love, and soften all its Rage!
Ye balmy KISSES! that from Roses sprung;
Roses! on which the Lips of VENUS hung.
Lo! I'm the BARD, while o'er PIERIAN Shades
The TUNEFUL MOUNTAIN rears its sacred Heads,

 While

any one slept, he presently became a Poet. *Persius* applies the Epithet *biceps* to this Mountain:

Nec fonte labra prolui Caballino:
Nec in bicipiti *somniasse* Parnasso
Memini, ut repentè sic poëta prodirem.

PERS. *Prolog. ad Satyr.*

These Lips ne'er drank the *Hippocrenian* Stream,
Nor have I e'er indulg'd gay Fancy's Dream
Within *Parnassian Cleft*, that sudden Song
Should flow unbidden from my trembling Tongue.

Et memor ÆNEADUM *ſtirpiſque diſertus amatæ,*
Mollia ROMULIDUM *verba loquetur* AMOR.

[*Et memor* ÆNEADUM, *&c.*] This Thought is truly beautiful: our *Poet* declares that his *Kiſſes* ſhall be ſung in the *Roman* Language, being of *Roman* Birth; that is, deriving their Origin from the Lips of *Venus*; who, as every one knows, was the Mother of the *Romans*: for her Son *Æneas*, arriving in *Italy*, married *Lavinia*, Daughter of King *Latinus*. *Numitor* was one of *Æneas's* Deſcendants; upon whoſe only Child, *Ilia* or *Rhea Sylvia*, *Mars* begot *Romulus* and *Remus*, the Founders of *Rome*.

While whiſp'ring Verdures ſkirt the LAURELL'D
SPRING,
Whoſe fond, impaſſion'd Muſe of YOU ſhall ſing;
And LOVE, enraptur'd with the LATIAN Name,
With that dear Race from which your Lineage came,
In LATIAN Strains ſhall celebrate your Praiſe,
And tell your high Deſcent to future Days.

BASIUM II.

VICINA quantùm vitis laſcivit in ulmo,
Et tortiles per ilicem

Brachia proceram ſtringunt immenſa corimbi;
Tantùm, NEÆRA, *ſi queas*

In mea nexilibus proſerpere colla lacertis;
Tali, NEÆRA, *ſi queam*

Candida perpetuùm nexu tua colla ligare,
Jungens perenne BASIUM.

Tunc me nec CERERIS, *nec amici cura* LYÆI,
SOPORIS *aut amabilis,*

VITA,

[*Et tortiles per ilicem, &c.*] *Horace* has the ſame Compariſon, mentioning the Embraces of his *Neæra:*

Arctiùs atque hedera procera aſtringitur ilex,
Lentis adhærens brachiis.

HOR. *Epod.* 15.

Not

K I S S. II.

AS round ſome neighb'ring Elm the Vine
Its am'rous Tendrils loves to twine ;
As round the Oak, in many a Maze,
The Ivy flings its gadding Sprays :
Thus ! let me to your ſnowy Breaſt,
My dear NEÆRA ! thus be preſt ;
While I as fondly in my Arms,
NEÆRA ! claſp thy yielding Charms ;
And, with one long, long Kiſs, improve
Our mutual Extaſies of Love.

Should CERES pour her plenteous Hoard,
Should BACCHUS crown the feſtive Board,
Should balmy SLEEP luxurious ſpread
His downy Pinions o'er my Head ;
Yet not for theſe my Joys I'd break,
For theſe ! thy vermil Lips forſake

Not the tall Oak could claſping Ivy bind
So cloſe, as round me thy fond Arms were twin'd.

At

VITA, *tuo de purpureo divelleret ore:*
Sed mutuis in OSCULIS

Defectos, ratis una duos portaret amanteis
Ad pallidam DITIS *domum.*

Mox per odoratos campos, & perpetuum ver
Produceremur in loca,

Semper ubi, antiquis in amoribus, HEROINÆ,
HEROAS *inter nobileis,*

Aut ducunt choreas, alternave carmina lætæ,
In valle cantant myrteâ.

Quà

[*Mox per odoratos campos, &c.*] This Deſcription of *Elyſium* ſeems to be imitated from *Tibullus:*

Hic choreæ, cantuſque vigent, paſſimque vagantes
Dulce ſonant tenui gutture carmen aves.
Fert caſiam non culta ſeges, totoſque per agros
Floret odoratis terra benigna roſis.
Hic juvenum ſeries teneris immiſta puellis
Ludit, & aſſidue prælia miſcet amor.
Illic eſt cuicumque rapax mors venit amanti,
Et gerit inſigni myrtea ſerta comâ.

TIBULL. *Lib.* I. *Eleg.* 3.

There Joy and ceaſeleſs Revelry prevail;
There ſoothing Muſic floats on ev'ry Gale;
There painted Warblers hop from Spray to Spray,
And, wildly-pleaſing, ſwell the gen'ral Lay:
There ev'ry Hedge, untaught, with Caſſia blooms,
And ſcents the ambient Air with rich Perfumes:

There

At length, when ruthlefs Age denies
A longer Blifs, and feals our Eyes,
One Bark fhall waft our Spirits o'er,
United, to the STYGIAN Shore:
Then, paffing thro' a tranfient Night,
We'll enter foon thofe Fields of Light,
Where, breathing richeft Odours round,
A Spring eternal paints the Ground;
Where HEROES once in Valour prov'd,
And beauteous HEROINES once belov'd,
Again with mutual Paffion burn,
Feel all their wonted Flames return;
And now in fportive Meafures tread
The flow'ry Carpet of the Mead;
Now fing the jocund, tuneful Tale
Alternate in the myrtle Vale:

There ev'ry Mead a various Plenty yields;
There lavifh *Flora* paints the purple Fields;
With ceafelefs Light a brighter *Phœbus* glows,
No Sicknefs tortures, and no Ocean flows;
But Youths affociate with the gentle Fair,
And, ftung with Pleafure, to the fhade repair:
With them Love wanders wherefoe'er they ftray,
Provokes to Rapture, and inflames the Play:
But chief the conftant Few, by Death betray'd,
Reign, crown'd with Myrtle, Monarchs of the Shade.

GRAINGER.

The claffical Reader, who wifhes to compare other Defcriptions of Elyfium with this of *Secundus*, may turn to *Homer. Odyf.* 4. *Pindar. Olymp. Od.* 2. *Virgil. Æn.* 6. *Plutarch. Confol. ad Apoleon.* 2.

Quà violiſque, roſiſque, & flavi-comis narciſſis,
Umbraculis trementibus
Illudit lauri nemus; & crepitante ſuſurro
Tepidi ſuavè ſibilant
Æternùm ZEPHYRI; *nec vomere ſaucia* TELLUS
Fœcunda ſolvit ubera.
Turba BEATORUM *nobis aſſurgeret omnis,*
Inque herbidis ſedilibus,
Inter MÆONIDAS, *primâ nos ſede locarent:*
Nec ulla amatricum JOVIS
Præ-repto cedens indignaretur honore;
Nec nata TYNDARIS JOVE.

[*Nec vomere, &c.*] Thus *Virgil*, in his deſcription of the Golden Age:

——*Omnis feret omnia tellus.*
Non raſtros patietur humus, non vinea falcem:
Robuſtus quoque jam tauris juga ſolvet arator.

VIRG. *Eclog. IV.*

Then with each harveſt ſhall each Soil be crown'd,
No Harrow then ſhall vex the fruitful Ground,
No Hook ſhall lop the Vine; and o'er the Plains
Shall range the Steers, unyok'd by ſturdy Swains.

[*Nec nata* TYNDARIS, *&c.*] The beauteous *Helen*, Wife to *Menelaus*, whom *Paris* ſtole away, cauſing the celebrated Siege of *Troy*, ſung by *Homer*, is too well known to be ſpoken of here; moſt of the ancient Claſſics mention ſomething of her Hiſtory.

Where ceaseless ZEPHYRS fan the Glade,
Soft-murm'ring thro' the Laurel-Shade;
Beneath whose waving Foliage grow
The Vi'let sweet of purple Glow,
The Daffodil that breathes Perfume,
And Roses of immortal Bloom;
Where EARTH her Fruits spontaneous yields.
Nor Plough-share cuts th' unfurrow'd Fields.

Soon as we enter these Abodes
Of happy Souls, of Demi-Gods,
The BLEST shall all respectful rise,
And view us with admiring Eyes;
Shall seat us 'mid th' immortal Throng,
Where I, renown'd for tender Song,
Shall gain with HOMER equal praise,
And share with him poetic Bays;
While THOU, enthron'd above the rest,
Wilt shine in Beauty's Train confest:
Nor shall the MISTRESSES of JOVE
Such partial Honours disapprove;
E'en HELEN, tho' of RACE DIVINE,
Will to thy Charms her Rank resign.

BASIUM III.

"*DA mihi* SUAVIOLUM *(dicebam), blanda* PUELLA!"
Libâsti labris mox mea labra tuis.
Inde, velut presso qui territus angue resultat,
Ora repentè meo vellis ab ore procul.
Non hoc SUAVIOLUM *dare,* LUX MEA, *sed dare tantùm*
Est desiderium flebile SUAVIOLI.

[" *Da mihi* SUAVIOLUM," &c.] Some of my Readers may be pleased to see how this lovely little Poem appears in a French Dress. *Mons. Dorat,* in his *Baisers,* entitles it L'ETINCELLE.

Donne moi, ma belle Maîtresse,
Donne moi, disois-je, un *baiser*
Doux, amoureux, plein de tendresse——
Tu n'osas me le refuser:
Mais que mon bonheur fut rapide!
Ta bouche à peine, souviens-t-en,
Eut effleuré ma bouche avide,
Elle s'en détache á l'instant.
Ainsi s'exhale une *Etincelle.*
Oui, plus que Tantale agité,
Je vois comme une onde infidelle,
Fuir le bien qui m'est présenté.
Ton *baiser* m'échappe, cruelle!
Le desir seul m'en est resté,

DORAT. *Baiser* 2.

K I S S III.

"ONE Kiss, enchanting Maid!" (I cry'd;)—
One little Kiss! and then adieu!
Your Lips, with luſcious Crimſon dyed,
To mine with trembling Rapture flew:

But quick thoſe Lips my Lips forſake,
With wanton, tantalizing Jeſt;
So ſtarts ſome Ruſtic from the Snake
Beneath his heedleſs Footſtep preſt:

Is this to grant the wiſh'd-for Kiſs?—
Ah, no, my Love!—'tis but to fire
The Boſom with a transient Bliss,
Enflaming unallay'd Deſire,

BASIUM IV.

NON dat BASIA, *dat* NEÆRA *nectar,*
Dat rores animæ ſuâvè-olentes;
Dat nardumque, thymumque, cinnamumque;
Et mel, quale jugis legunt HYMETTI,

Aut

[*Non dat* BASIA, *dat* NEÆRA *nectar, &c.*] The following *Greek Epigram* ſeems to have furniſhed *Secundus* with the Thought:

Κȣρη τις μ' εφιλησε ποθεσπερα χειλεσιν ὑγροις.
Νεκταρ εην το φιλημα· το γαρ ςομα νεκταρος επνει.
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον ερωτα πεπωκως.

ANTHOLOG.

Phillis the gay, in Robe of Beauty dreſt,
Late on my Lips a humid *Kiſs* impreſt;
The *Kiſs* was nectar which the Fair beſtow'd,
For in her am'rous Breath a Gale of Nectar flow'd.
What Love, ye Gods! what Raptures in her *Kiſs!*
My Soul was drunk with Extacy of Bliſs.

FAWKES.

Buchanan

KISS IV.

'TIS not a KISS you give, MY LOVE!
'Tis richeſt Nectar from above!
A fragrant Show'r of balmy Dews,
Which thy ſweet Lips alone diffuſe!
'Tis ev'ry aromatic Breeze
That wafts from AFRIC's ſpicy Trees!
'Tis Honey from the ozier Hive,
Which chymiſt Bees with Care derive.

Buchanan, too, has prettily expreſſed this Conceit:

Cum das Baſia, *nectaris*, Neæra!
Das mî pocula, *das dapes* Deorum.

BUCHAN. *Hendecaſyl. Lib.*

All thy *Kiſſes*, *ſweeteſt Fair!*
Luſcious Draughts of Nectar are;
Are the Banquets *heav'nly Pow'rs*
Taſte in their Olympian Bow'rs

Aut in CECROPIIS *apes roſetis,*
Atque, hinc virgineis & inde ceris,
Septum vimineo tegunt quaſillo.
Quæ, ſi multa mihi voranda dentur,
Immortalis in his repentè fiam,
Magnorumque epulis fruar DEORUM.
Sed tu munere parce, parce tali,
Aut mecum DEA *fac,* NEÆRA, *fias.*
Non menſas ſine te volo DEORUM;

Non,

[*Aut in* CECROPIIS, *&c.*] *Cecropiis* ſignifies *Athenian,* from *Cecrops,* King of *Athens. Athens,* or *Attica,* was a moſt lovely Country, rich in flowering Sweets, and celebrated for Honey. *Virgil* ſpeaks thus of *Attic* Bees:

Cecropias *innatus apes amor urget habendi.*
VIRG. *Georg.* 4.

Moſt prone are *Attic* Bees to honied Toils.

I may alſo remark, that *Hymettus* is a Mountain covered with Thyme, near *Athens,* more particularly famous for its Honey. Thus *Horace,* by Way of comparative Excellency:

Ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt. HOR. *Ode* 6. *Lib.* 2.

Where not the Labours of the Bee
Yield to *Hymettus'* golden Stores. FRANCIS.

Strabo and *Pliny* affirm, that this Mountain was alſo remarkable for its Marble.—*Vid.* STRAB. *Lib.* 9, and PLIN. *Lib.* 17. *Cap.* 1.

[*Non menſas ſine te, &c.*] *Tibullus* was equally averſe with our *Secundus* to every Felicity that his *Neæra* did not ſhare with him:

Sit

From all the newly-open'd Flow'rs
That bloom in CECROPS' roſeate Bow'rs,
Or from the breathing Sweets that grow
On fam'd HYMETTUS' thymy Brow:
But if ſuch KISSES you beſtow,
If from your lips ſuch Raptures flow,
Thus bleſt! ſupremely bleſt by Thee!
Ere long I muſt immortal be;
Muſt taſte on earth thoſe Joys that wait
The Banquets of CELESTIAL STATE.
Then ceaſe thy Bounty, DEAREST FAIR!
Such precious Gifts, then, ſpare! oh ſpare!
Or, if I muſt immortal prove,
Be thou immortal, too, MY LOVE!
For, ſhould the HEAV'NLY POW'RS requeſt
My Preſence at th' ambroſial Feaſt;
Nay, ſhould they JOVE himſelf dethrone,
And yield to me his radiant Crown;
I'd ſcorn it all, nor would I deign
O'er golden REALMS OF BLISS to reign;

Sit mihi paupertas tecum, jucunda Neæra;
At ſine te, regum munera nulla volo.

TIBULL. *Lib. III. El.* 3.

Poor let me be; for Poverty can pleaſe
With *You*; without *You*, Crowns could give no Eaſe.

GRAINGER.

Non, ſi me rutilis præeſſe REGNIS,
Excluſo JOVE, DII DEÆQUE *cogant.*

Mr. *Stanley*'s Tranſlation of this *Kiſs* is elegantly conciſe, and harmonious enough, conſidering the Age in which it was written; I ſhall therefore give it my Readers entire, as a Specimen of Mr. *Stanley*'s Verſion of the *Kiſſes* of *Secundus.*

'Tis no *Kiſs* my *Fair* beſtows;
Nectar 'tis whence new Life flows;
All the Sweets which nimble Bees
In their ozier Treaſuries
With unequall'd Art repoſe,
In one *Kiſs* her Lips diſcloſe.
Theſe, if I ſhould many take,
Soon would me immortal make,
Rais'd to the divine Abodes,
And the Banquets of the Gods.
Be not, then, too laviſh, *Fair!*
But this heav'nly Treaſure ſpare,
'Leſs thou'lt too immortal be:
For without thy Companie,
What to Me are the abodes,
Or the Banquets of the Gods?

STANLEY'*s Poems.* *Kiſſes.*

Jove's radiant Crown I'd ſcorn to wear,
Unleſs Thou mightſt ſuch Honours ſhare;
Unleſs Thou, too, with equal Sway,
Mightſt rule with me the Realms of Day.

KISS

BASIUM V.

DUM me mollibus, hinc & hinc, lacertis
Astrictum premis, imminensque toto
Collo, pectore, lubricoque vultu,
Dependes humeris, NEÆRA, *nostris:*
Componensque meis labella labris,
Et morsu petis & gemis remorsa;
Et linguam tremulam, hinc & inde, vibras;
Et linguam querulam, hinc & inde, sugis;
Aspirans

[*Dependes humeris, &c.*] *Mons. Dorat* has thus prettily turned this Part:

Belle *Thaïs*, ô toi que j'idolâtre,
Dans des bras amoureux quand je tombe éperdu,
Et qu'à tes épaules d' albâtre
Entrelaçant les miens, je reste suspendu.

DORAT. *Baiser* 6.

[*Et linguam tremulam, &c.*] A French Writer seems to have paraphrased these Thoughts with no small Degree of Merit:

Et qu'en ces jeux nos langues fretillardes
S' étreignent mollement;———
Quand je te *baise*, un gracieux zéphire,
Un petit vent moite et doux qui soupire,
Va mon cœur éventant.

L'Abbé DESPORTES.

Our

K I S S V.

WHILE you, NEÆRA, close entwine
In frequent Folds your frame with mine;
And hanging o'er, to View confest,
Your Neck, and gently-heaving Breast;
Down on my Shoulders soft decline
Your Beauties more than half divine;
With wand'ring Looks that o'er me rove,
And fire the melting Soul with Love:

While you, NEÆRA, fondly join
Your little pouting Lips with mine,
And frolic bite your am'rous Swain,
Complaining soft if bit again;
And sweetly-murm'ring pour along
The trembling Accents of your Tongue,
Your Tongue! now here now there that strays,
Now here now there delighted plays;
That now my humid KISSES sips,
Now wanton darts between my Lips;

Our Tongues in humid Pleasures roll;
And, mid the Frolic, blend each Soul.——
Whene'er thy Lips a *Kiss* impart;
Moist Breezes, with voluptuous Sighing,
Exhale rich Nectar as they're dying:
Breezes that cool my fever'd Heart!

Aſpirans animæ ſuávis auram
Mollem, dulci-ſonam, humidam, meæque
Altricem miſeræ, NEÆRA, *vitæ:*
Hauriens animam meam caducam,
Flagrantem, nimio vapore coctam,
Coctam! pectoris impotentis æſtu;
Eludiſque meas, NEÆRA, *flammas,*
Flabro pectoris haurientis æſtum,
O, JUCUNDA MEI CALORIS AURA!

Tunc,

O, JUCUNDA, &c.] An Expreſſion ſo beautifully, ſo delicately metaphorical, cannot ſure be found in any Writer: *Petrarch* very frequently applies the Word *Gale* to his Miſtreſs, for the Sake of the *concetti,* ſo peculiar to Italian Poetry; *L'aura, the Gale,* ſignifying alſo her Name, *Laura.*

L'aura *ſerena, che fra verdi fronde*
Mormorando, á ferir nel volto viemme.

PETRAR. SONETTO 163.

Soft *Gale!* that murmurs thro' the verdant Grove,
Plays o'er my Face, and playing whiſpers Love.

L'aura

And on my Bosom raptur'd lie,
Venting the gently-whisper'd Sigh;
A Sigh! that kindles warm Desires,
And kindly fans Life's drooping Fires;
Soft as the Zephyr's breezy Wing,
And balmy as the Breath of Spring:

While you, SWEET NYMPH! with am'rous Play,
In KISSES suck my Breath away;
My Breath! with wasting Warmth replete,
Parch'd by my Breast's contagious Heat;
Till, breathing soft, you pour again
Returning Life thro' ev'ry Vein;
And thus elude my Passion's Rage,
Love's burning Fever thus assuage:
SWEET NYMPH! whose SWEETS can best allay
Those Fires that on my Bosom prey;
SWEET as the cool refreshing Gale
That blows when scorching Heats prevail!

L'aura *mia sacra al mio stanco riposo*
Spira si spesso. SONETTO 307.

Oh my sweet *Gale! Gale* dear to lost Repose,
Breathing so frequent!

But such Conceits cannot compare with this one exquisite Line of *Secundus*.

Then

Tunc, dico, "DEUS *eſt* AMOR DEORUM!
" *Et nullus* DEUS *eſt* AMORE *major!*
" *Si quiſquam tamen eſt* AMORE *major,*
" *Tu, Tu, ſola mihi es,* NEÆRA, *major!*"

[*Tunc, dico, &c.*] Thus beautifully again the French Imitator:

Alors je renais, et m'écrie:
L'Amour ſoumet la Terre, aſſujettit les Cieux,
Les Rois ſont à ſes pieds, il gouverne les Dieux,
Il mêle en ſe jouant des pleurs à l'ambroiſie,
Il eſt maître abſolu: mais *Thaïs* aujourd'hui
L'emporte ſur les Rois, ſur les Dieux, et ſur lui

DORAT. *Baiſer* 6.

Then, more than bleſt, I fondly ſwear,
" No Pow'r can with Love's Pow'r compare!
" None in the ſtarry Court of Jove
" Is greater than the God of Love!
" If any can yet greater be,
" Yes, my Neæra! yes, 'tis Thee!"

BASIUM VI.

De meliore notâ bis BASIA *mille paciſens;*
  BASIA *mille dedi,* BASIA *mille tuli.*
Explêſti numerum, fateor, JUCUNDA NEÆRA!
  Expleri numero ſed nequit ullus AMOR.
Quis laudet CEREREM *numeratis ſurgere ariſtis?*
  Gramen in irriguâ quis numeravit humo?
Quis tibi, BACCHE, *tulit pro centum vota racemis?*
  AGRICOLUMVE DEUM *mille popoſcit apeis?*
Cùm pius irrorat ſitienteis JUPITER *agros,*
  Deciduæ guttas non numeramus aquæ.
Sic quoque, cùm ventis concuſſus inhorruit aër,
  Sumpſit & iratâ JUPITER *arma manu,*

[AGRICOLUMVE DEUM, &c.] *Ariſtæus*, one of the rural Deities, who is ſaid to have firſt diſcovered the Uſe of Honey; vide *Pauſanias, in Arcadicis.* A pretty Hiſtory of him may be found in *Virgil, Georg.* iv.

Grandine

K I S S VI.

TWO THOUSAND KISSES of the ſweeteſt Kind,
'Twas once agreed, our mutual Love ſhould bind;
Firſt from my Lips a rapt'rous THOUSAND flow'd,
Then you a THOUSAND in your Turn beſtow'd;
The promis'd NUMBERS were fulfill'd, I own,
But LOVE ſuffic'd with NUMBERS ne'er was known!
What Mortal ſtrives to count each ſpringing Blade,
That ſpreads the Surface of a graſſy Mead?
Who prays for number'd Ears of rip'ning Grain,
When laviſh CERES yellows o'er the Plain?
Or to a ſcanty Hundred wou'd confine
The cluſt'ring Grapes, when BACCHUS loads the Vine?
Who aſks the GUARDIAN OF THE HONIED STORE
To grant a Thouſand Bees and grant no more?
Or tells the Drops, while o'er ſome thirſty Field
The LIQUID STORES are from above diſtill'd?
When JOVE with Fury hurls the moulded Hail,
And Earth and Sea deſtructive Storms aſſail,
Or when he bids, from his tempeſtuous Sky,
The Winds unchain'd with waſting Horror fly,

The

Grandine confusâ terras & cœrula pulsat,
Securus sternat quot sata, quotve locis.

Seu bona, seu mala sunt, veniunt uberrima COELO:
Majestas domui convenit illa JOVIS.

Tu quoque cùm DEA *sis,* DIVA *formosior illâ,*
Concha per æquoreum quam vaga ducit iter;

BASIA *cur numero,* COELESTIA DONA, *coërces?*
Nec numeras gemitus, DURA PUELLA, *meos?*

Nec lachrymas numeras, quæ per faciemque, sinumque,
Duxerunt rivos semper-euntis aquæ?

Si

[*Concha per æquoreum, &c.*] The Shell of *Venus* has been celebrated by Classics, both ancient and modern:

Et faveas conchâ Cypria *vecta tuâ.*
TIBULL. *Lib.* iii. *El.* 3.

And aid me, *Venus!* from thy pearly Car.
GRAINGER.

And thus *Hercules Strozza*,

Nabat Erythræâ materna per æquora conchâ,
Qualis erat spumis edita, nuda Venus.
HERC. STROZ. *Amorum*, L. ii. *El.* 5.

In Erythrean Shell the *sea-born Queen*
Rode on her native Waves, her native Beauties seen.

[*Duxerunt rivos semper-euntis, &c.*] *Sidronius Hosschius*, a Latin Poet, of *Marke*, in *Germany*, who flourished in the Beginning

of

The God ne'er heeds what Harvefts he may fpoil,
Nor yet regards each defolated Soil:
So, when its Bleffings BOUNTEOUS HEAV'N ordains,
It ne'er with fparing Hand the GOOD reftrains;
EVILS in like Abundance, too, it fhow'rs;
Well fuits Profufion with IMMORTAL POW'RS!
Then fince fuch Gifts with heav'nly Minds agree,
Shed, GODDESS-LIKE, your Blandifhments on me;
And fay, NEÆRA! for that Form divine
Speaks Thee defcended of ÆTHERIAL LINE;
Say, GODDESS! than that GODDESS lovelier far
Who roams o'er Ocean in her pearly Car;
Your KISSES, BOONS CELESTIAL! why withold?
Or why by fcanty Numbers are they told?
Still you n'er count, HARD-HEARTED MAID! thofe Sighs
Which in my lab'ring Breaft inceffant rife;
Nor yet thofe lucid Drops of tender Woe,
Which down my Cheeks in quick Succeffion flow.

of the 17th Century, in like Manner expreffes Love's perpetual Sorrow:

Utque per attritas rivum fibi ducit arenas,
Quæ riguo manat fonte perennis aqua;
Sic exefa tibi fulcos duxere per ora
Ex oculis imbres qui tibi femper eunt.

S. P. HOSSCH. *Lacrim. Eleg.* 10.

As wears the furrow'd Sands, with ceafelefs Wave,
The Stream, that fome exhauftlefs Fount fupplies;
So Show'rs thy tear-worn Beauties ever lave,
Sad Show'rs, that ftream inceffant from thine Eyes!

Si numeras lachrymas, numeres licet OSCULA ; *ſed ſi*
Non numeras lachrymas, OSCULA *ne numeres.*

Et mihi da, miſeri SOLATIA VANA *doloris,*
Innumera innumeris BASIA *pro lachrymis.*

Yes, DEAREST LIFE! your KISSES number all;
And number, too, my ſorrowing Tears that fall:
Or, if you count not all the Tears, MY FAIR!
To count the KISSES ſure you muſt forbear.
But let thy Lips now ſoothe a Lover's Pain;
(Yet Griefs like mine what SOOTHINGS ſhall re-
ſtrain!)
If Tears unnumber'd Pity can regard,
Unnumber'd KISSES muſt each Tear reward.

BASIUM VII.

CENTUM BASIA *centies,*
Centum BASIA *millies,*
Mille BASIA *millies,*
Et tot MILLIA *millies,*
Quot guttæ SICULO *mari,*
Quot ſunt ſidera COELO,
Iſtis .

[*Quot guttæ* SICULO, *&c.*] This idea, though now common, was perhaps originally *Catullus*'s:

Quæris, quot mihi baſiationes
Tuæ, Leſbia, *ſint ſatìs, ſupérque?*
Quàm magnus numerus Libyſſæ *arenæ*
Laſerpiciferis jacet Cyrenis,
Oraculum JOVIS *inter æſtuoſi,*
Et Batti *veteris ſacrum ſepulchrum;*
Aut quàm ſidera multa, cùm tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores;
Tam te baſia *multa* baſiare
Veſano ſatìs, et ſuper Catullo *eſt:*
Quæ nec pernumerare curioſi
Poſſint, nec malâ faſcinare linguâ.

CATULL. *Carm.* 7.

How many ſweet *Kiſſes* (my *Leſbia* oft cries)
Will ſuffice my fond Bard, nay, more than ſuffice?—
As many as Sands that in *Libya* are found
Near thirſty *Cyrene*, for Benzoin renown'd,

From

KISS VII.

KISSES told by HUNDREDS o'er!
THOUSANDS told by THOUSANDS more!
MILLIONS! countlefs MILLIONS! then,
Told by MILLIONS o'er again!
Countlefs! as the Drops that glide
In the OCEAN's billowy Tide,
Countlefs! as yon Orbs of Light
Spangled o'er the Vault of NIGHT,

From where burning *Jove*'s lofty Fane is difplay'd
To where fleeps old *Battus*'s reverend Shade;
As many as Stars that illume the gay Night,
And filently witnefs Love's ftolen Delight:
So many (infatiate *Catullus* replies)
Will fuffice thy fond Bard, nay, more than fuffice;
So many no Spy vainly-curious can tell,
Or ever with Slander bewitching reveal.

Martial, alfo, has the fame Thought, *Epig.* 34. *Lib*, vi. which Epigram is very happily paraphrafed, by *Sir Charles Han. Williams*, in the well-known Ballad of "Come, *Chloe*, and give me fweet *Kiffes*." The following is a Stanza of it, applicable to our Subject:

Go number the Stars in the Heaven,
Count how many Sands on the Shore;
When fo many *Kiffes* you've given,
I ftill fhall be craving for more.

Iſtis purpureis GENIS,
Iſtis turgidulis LABRIS,
OCELLISQUE *loquaculis,*
Ferrem continuo impetu;
O, FORMOSA NEÆRA!
Sed dum totus inhæreo
Conchatim roſeis GENIS,
Conchatim rutilis LABRIS,
OCELLISQUE *loquaculis;*
Non datur tua cernere
LABRA, *non roſeas* GENAS,
OCELLOSQE *loquaculos,*
Molleis nec mihi RISUS:
Qui, velut nigra diſcutit
COELO *nubila* CYNTHIUS,
Pacatumqne per ÆTHERA
Gemmatis in equis micat,
Flavo lucidus orbe;

[*Turgidulis* LABRIS, &c.] Theſe Words might perhaps be beſt tranſlated by applying *Suckling*'s beautiful Deſcription of a Lip, in the following Stanza:

Her Lips were red; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her Chin;
Some Bee had ſtung it newly:
But (Dick) her Eyes ſo guard her Face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze
Than on the Sun in July.

SUCKLING. *Ballad upon a Wedding.*

[OCELLISQUE *loquaculis,* &c.] How delicate is this Expreſſion! It reminds me of the following I met with in ſome old Latin Author:

O blandos

I'll with ceaseless Love bestow
On those CHEEKS of crimson Glow,
On those LIPS of gentle Swell,
On those EYES where raptures dwell.

But when circled in thy Arms,
As I'm panting o'er thy Charms,
O'er thy CHEEKS of rosy Bloom,
O'er thy LIPS that breathe Perfume,
O'er thine EYES so sweetly-bright,
Shedding soft-expressive Light;
Then, nor CHEEKS of rosy Bloom,
Nor thy LIPS that breathe Perfume,
Nor thine EYES' expressive Light,
Bless thy Lover's envious Sight;
Nor that soothing SMILE, which chears
All his tender Hopes and Fears:
For, as radiant PHOEBUS streams
O'er the Globe with placid Beams,
Whirling thro' th' ÆTHERIAL WAY
The fiery-axled Car of Day,
And from the tempestuous Sky,
While the rapid Coursers fly,
All the stormy Clouds are driv'n,
Which deform'd the Face of Heav'n;

O blandos oculos, & O facetos,
Et quadam propria nota loquaces! POET. VET.

Oh delightful, pretty Eyes!
Where a secret Meaning lies.

So,

Sic NUTU *eminus aureo*
Et meis lachrymas genis,
Et curas animo meo,
Et ſuſpiria pellunt:
Heu! quæ ſunt OCULIS *meis*
Nata prælia cum LABRIS!
Ergo ego mihi vel JOVEM
Rivalem potero pati?
Rivales OCULI *mei*
Non ferunt mea LABRA.

[*Sic* NUTU *eminus &c.*] The amourous Maſter of *Italian* Poetry attributes the ſame Power to the Smile of his Miſtreſs:

Vero è, che'l dolce manſueto riſo
Pur acqueta gli ardenti miei deſiri,
E mi ſottrage al foco de' martiri,
Mentr io ſon' à mirarvi intento e fiſo.

PETRARCA. *Sonetto* 15.

'Tis true; thy tender, thy heart-ſoothing Smile
Appeaſes all my fierce, enflam'd Deſires;
Allays the Tortures of Love's potent Fires;
As on thy Charms I fondly gaze awhile.

[*Ergo ego mihi vel* JOVEM, *&c.*] *Propertius* ſpeaks to the ſame Purpoſe, thus:

Rivalem poſſum non ego ferre Jovem.

PROPERT. *Lib.* ii. *Eleg.* 32.

What tho' 'twere *Jove*, no Rival cou'd I bear.

So, thy golden SMILE, MY FAIR!
Chafes ev'ry am'rous Care;
Dries the Torrents of mine Eyes,
Calms my fond, tumultuous Sighs.

Oh! how emulous the Strife
'Twixt my LIPS and EYES, SWEET LIFE:
Of thy Charms are THESE poffeft,
THOSE are envious till they're bleft:
Think not, then, that, in my Love,
I'll be rivall'd e'en by JOVE,
When fuch jealous Conflicts rife
'Twixt my very LIPS and EYES.

BASIUM VIII.

QUIS *te furor,* NEÆRA,
INEPTA, *quis jubebat*
Sic involare, nostram
Sic vellicare LINGUAM,
Ferociente morsu?

An, quas tot unus abs te
Pectus per omne gesto
Penetrabileis sagittas,
Parum videntur? istis
Ni dentibus protervis
Exerceas nefandum
Membrum nefas in illud?
Quo! sæpè SOLE *primo,*
Quo! sæpè SOLE *sero,*
Quo! per DIESQUE *longas,*
NOCTEISQUE *amarulentas,*
Laudes tuas canebam?

Hæc

[*Istis ni dentibus, &c.*] *Mons. Dorat* has thus beautifully paraphrased this Passage:

Tes dents, ces perles que j'adore,
D' où s' échappe à mon œil trompé
Ce sourire développé,
Transfuge des lèvres de Flore;

Devroient-

K I S S. VIII.

AH! what ungovern'd Rage, declare,
NEÆRA, too capricious FAIR!
What unreveng'd, unguarded Wrong,
Could urge Thee thus to wound my TONGUE?

Perhaps you deem th' afflictive Pains
Too trifling, which my Heart ſuſtains;
Nor think enough my Boſom ſmarts
With all the ſure, deſtructive Darts
Inceſſant ſped from ev'ry Charm;
That thus your wanton Teeth muſt harm,
Muſt harm that little tuneful THING,
Which wont ſo oft thy Praiſe to ſing;
What Time the MORN has ſtreak'd the Skies,
Or EV'NING's faded Radiance dies;
Thro' painful DAYS conſuming-ſlow,
Thro' ling'ring NIGHTS of am'rous Woe.

Devroient-elles bleſſer, dis moi,
Une organe tendre et fidelle,
Qui t'aſſure ici de ma foi,
Et nomma *Thaïs* la plus belle?
DORAT. *Baiſer* II.

This

Hæc eſt, INIQUA, *(neſcis?)*
Hæc, illa LINGUA *noſtra eſt,*
Quæ, tortileis capillos,
Quæ, pætulos ocellos,
Quæ, lacteas papillas,
Quæ, colla mollicella,
Venuſtulæ NEÆRÆ,
Molli per aſtra verſu,
Ultra JOVIS *calores,*
COELO *invidente, vexit.*

Quæ, te meam ſalutem,
Quæ te meamque vitam,
Animæ meæque florem,
Et te meos amores,
Et te meos lepores,
Et te meam DIONEN,
Et te meam columbam,
Albamque turturillam,
VENERE *invidente, dixit.*

An

[*Quæ, te meam ſalutem, &c.*] *Boneſonius* thus diſtinguiſhes his Miſtreſs, by a Series of appellative Contrarieties:

Salve melque meum, atque amaritudo;
Otiumque meum negotiumque;
Meus phoſphorus, heſperuſque ſalve;
Salve luxque mea, et meæ tenebræ;
Salve errorque meus, meuſque portus;
Salve ſpeſque mea, et mei pavores;
Salve nilque meum, meumque totum:
Sed quid pluribus? O ter, ampliuſque,
Salve tota Achariſque Panchariſque.

BONEFONIUS, *Baſium* 8.

This Tongue, thou know'ſt, has oft extoll'd
Thy Hair in ſhining Ringlets roll'd,
Thine Eyes with tender Paſſion bright,
Thy ſwelling Breaſt of pureſt white,
Thy taper Neck of poliſh'd Grace,
And all the Beauties of thy Face,
Beyond the lucid Orbs above,
Beyond the ſtarry throne of Jove,
Extoll'd them in ſuch lofty Lays!
That Gods with Envy heard the Praiſe.

Oft has it call'd Thee ev'ry Name
Which boundleſs Rapture taught to frame;
My Life! my Joy! my Soul's Deſire!
All that my Wiſh cou'd e'er require!
My pretty Venus! and my Love!
My gentle Turtle! and my Dove!
Till Cypria's ſelf with envy heard
Each partial, each endearing Word.

All hail! thou ſweet-imbitter'd Fair;
My fondeſt Eaſe, my tendereſt Care;
My Star of Morn, my Star of Night;
At once my Darkneſs, and my Light;
My dreaded Rock my Harbour dear;
My only Hope, my only Fear;
My Nothing, yet my valued All:
But, oh! what further ſhall I call
My homely Love, my beauteous Bliſs?
In one ſweet Word, hail, *Pancharis!*

Say

An verò, an est id ipsum
Quod te juvat, SUPERBA,
Inferre vulnus illi,
Quam, læsione nullâ,
FORMOSA, *posse nosti*
Irâ tumere tantâ;
Quin semper hos ocellos;
Quin semper hæc labella;
Et, qui sibi, salaceis,
Malum dedêre, denteis,
Inter suos cruores
Balbutiens, recantet?
O, VIS SUPERBA FORMÆ!

[*Inter suos cruores, &c.*] And again, how impassioned is the Strain of the French Poet:

Crois-tu le contraindre à se taire?
Non, non, il brave en ce moment
Tous les maux que tu peux lui faire.
Viens, renouvelle son tourment:
Assailli des flêches brûlantes,
De ces dards perçans du *baiser*,
Il veut sur tes lèvres ardentes,
Il veut encore les aiguiser;
Et, chargé d'heureuses blessures,
Doux vestiges de volupté,
Essayer même aû-lieu d' injures,
De nouveaux chants à ta beauté.

DORAT. *Basier* II.

[O, VIS, &c.] *Muretus* has a similar Expression:

O vis eximiæ superba formæ!

MURETI *Epigram.*

Oh, tyrant Pow'r of Beauty's Form!

Say, BEAUTEOUS TYRANT! doſt delight
To wound this Tongue in wanton Spite?
Becauſe, alas! too well aware
That ev'ry Wrong it yet could bear
Ne'er urg'd it once in angry Strain
Of thy Unkindneſs to complain;
But ſuff'ring patient all its Harms,
Still wou'd it ſing thy matchleſs Charms!
Sing the ſoft Luſtre of thine Eye!
Sing thy ſweet Lips of roſy Dye!
Nay, ſtill thoſe guilty Teeth 'twould ſing!
Whence all its cruel Miſchiefs ſpring:
E'en now it liſps, in fault'ring Lays,
While yet it bleeds, NEÆRA's Praiſe:
Thus, BEAUTEOUS TYRANT! you controul,
Thus ſway my fond, enamour'd Soul!

BASIUM IX.

NON ſemper udum da mihi BASIUM,
Nec juncta blandis ſibila riſibus,
Nec ſemper in meum recumbe
Implicitum, moribunda, collum.

Menſura rebus eſt ſua dulcibus;
Ut quodque menteis ſuaviùs afficit,
Faſtidium ſic triſte ſecum
Limite proximiore ducit.

[*Menſura rebus eſt, &c.*] *Shakeſpeare* expreſſes the ſame Thought, in the fatherly Reproof of the old Friar to Romeo:

These Violent Delights have violent Ends,
And in their Triumph die: like Fire and Powder,
Which, as they meet, conſume. The ſweeteſt Honey,
Is loathſome in its own Deliciouſneſs,
And in the Taſte confounds the Appetite.

SHAKP. *Romeo and Juliet.*

Quum

KISS IX.

CEASE thy ſweet, thy balmy KISSES;
Ceaſe thy many-wreathed Smiles;
Ceaſe thy melting, murm'ring Bliſſes;
Ceaſe thy fond, bewitching Wiles:

On my Boſom ſoft-reclin'd,
Ceaſe to pour thy tender Joys:
Pleaſure's Limits are confin'd,
Pleaſure oft-repeated cloys.

Sparingly your Bounty uſe;
When I aſk for KISSES NINE,
SEV'N at leaſt you muſt refuſe,
And let only Two be mine:

Yet let THESE be neither long,
Nor delicious Sweets reſpire!
But like THOSE which VIRGINS young
Artleſs give their aged Sire:

Quum te rogabo TER TRIA BASIA;
Tu deme SEPTEM, *nec niſi da* DUO,
Utrumque nec longum, nec udum:
Qualia, *teli-gero* DIANA

Dat caſta FRATRI! *qualia, dat patri*
Experta nullos nata CUPIDINES!
Mox è meis, LASCIVA, *ocellis*
Curre procùl natitante plantâ:

Et

[*Tu deme* SEPTEM, *&c.*] All polite Voluptuaries have ever admired theſe little wanton Cruelties in their Miſtreſſes; thus *Horace* ſpeaks with the greateſt Rapture of his *Licymnia:*

Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oſcula
Cervicem, aut facili ſævitiâ negat,
Quæ poſcente magìs gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere occupet. HOR. *Lib.* ii. *Ode* 12.

While now her bending Neck ſhe plies
Backward to meet the burning *Kiſs*;
Then with an eaſy Cruelty denies,
And wiſhes you would ſnatch, not aſk the Bliſs.
FRANCIS.

Boileau's Imitation of this Paſſage of *Horace* is too beautiful to be denied a Place here, where he ſpeaks of a *Kiſs* ſnatched from the Lips of *Iris:*

Qui mollement réſiſte, et par un doux caprice,
Quelquefois le refuſe, afin qu'on le raviſſe.
BOILEAU. *Art Poetique. Chant* 2.

[*Natitante plantâ, &c.*] *Milton* has a very happy Expreſſion ſimilar to this in the following Paſſage:

So

Such! as, with a Sifter's Love,
  Beauteous Dian may beftow
On the radiant Son of Jove,
  Phoebus of the filver Bow.

Tripping-light, with wanton Grace,
  Now my Lips diforder'd fly,
And in fome retired Place
  Hide thee from my fearching Eye:

Then in fportive, am'rous Play,
  Victor-like, I'll feize my Love;
Seize thee! as the Bird of Prey
  Pounces on a trembling Dove.

Each Recefs I'll traverfe o'er,
  Where I think thou lieft conceal'd;
Ev'ry Covert I'll explore,
  Till my Wanton's all reveal'd.

So faying, by the Hand he took me rais'd,
And over Fields and Waters, as in Air
Smooth-fliding without Step, laft led me up
A woody Mountain.

Milton *Parad. Loft, Book* viii.

Et te remotis in penetralibus,
Et te latebris abdito in intimis:
Sequar latebras uſque in imas,
In penetrale ſequar repôſtum;

Prædamque, victor fervidus, in meam
Utrinque berileis injiciens manus,
Raptabo: ut imbellem columbam
Unguibus accipiter re-curvis.

Tu de-precanteis victa dabis manus,
Hærenſque totis pendula brachiis,
Placare me ſeptem jocoſis
BASIOLIS *cupies,* INEPTA!

Errabis;—illud crimen ut eluam,
SEPTENA *jungam* BASIA SEPTIES,
Atque hoc câtenatis lacertis
Impediam, FUGITIVA, *collum.*

Dum,

[*Et te remotis, &c.*] *Cornelius Gallus* mentions the ſame amorous Dalliance:

Erubuit vultus ipſa puella meos,
Et nunc ſubridens latebras fugitiva petebat,

CORN. GALL.

At Sight of me, deep-bluſh'd the lovely Maid,
Then ſide-long laugh'd, and flying ſought the Shade.

DUNKIN.

And

Now your Arms submissive-raising,
  Round my Neck those Arms you'll throw;
Now SEV'N KISSES sweetly-pleasing
  For your freedom you'll bestow:

But those venal SEV'N are vain;—
  SEV'N-TIMES-SEV'N's the Price, SWEET MAID!
Thou my PRIS'NER shalt remain,
  Till the balmy Ransom's paid.

' And such Dalliance was equally grateful to *Horace*:

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo.

HOR. *Ode* 9. *Lib.* i.

The Laugh, that from the Corner flies,
The sportive Fair-one shall betray.

FRANCIS.

In like Manner, too, frolicked the Mistress of *Virgil's* Shepherd:

Malo me Galatea *petit, lasciva puella,*
Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.

VIR. *Eclog.* iii.

Which *Pope* thus beautifully imitates:

The sprightly *Sylvia* trips along the Green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at Variance are her Feet and Eyes!

POPE, *Pastoral* i.

Dum, per-ſolutis omnibus OSCULIS,
Jurabis omneis per VENERES *tuas,*
Te ſæpiùs pœnas eaſdem
Crimine velle pari ſubire.

The Beginning of this *Kiſs*, as tranſlated by *Mr. Stanley*, poſſeſſes no ſmall Share of tender Enthuſiaſm:

Not always give a melting *Kiſs*,
And Smiles with pleaſing Whiſpers join'd;
Nor always extaſi'd with Bliſs
About my Neck thy fair Arms wind.

The wary Lover learns by Meaſure
To circumſcribe his greateſt Joy;
Leſt, what well-huſbanded yields Pleaſure,
Might by the Repetition cloy.

When thrice three *Kiſſes* I require,
Give me but two, withhold the other;
Such as cold Virgins to their Sire,
Or chaſte *Diana* gives her Brother.

STANLEY'S *Poems. Kiſſes.*

Paying, then, the Forfeit due,
By thy much-lov'd Beauties ſwear,
Faults like theſe you'll ſtill purſue,
Faults! which Kisses can repair.

BASIUM X.

NON ſunt certa meam moveant quæ BASIA *mentem;*
Uda labris udis conſeris, uda juvant.

Nec ſua BASIOLIS *non eſt quoque gratia ſiccis;*
Fluxit ab his tepidus ſæpè ſub oſſa vapor.

Dulce quoque eſt oculis nutantibus OSCULA *ferre,*
Autoreſque ſui demeruiſſe mali:

Sive genis totis, totíve incumbere collo,
Seu nivëis humeris, ſeu ſinui niveo:

Et totas livore genas, collumque notare,
Candiduloſque humeros, candidulumque ſinum,

Seu

[*Collumque notare, &c.*] The tender *Tibullus* moſt probably gave *Secundus* the Hint of theſe voluptuous Ideas:

> *At* Venus *inveniet puero ſuccumbere furtim,*
> *Dum tumet, et teneros conſerit uſque ſinus:*
> *Et dare anhelanti pugnantibus uvida linguis*
> *Oſcula et in collo figere dente notas.*
>
> TIBULL. *Lib.* i. *Eleg.* 9.

But fav'ring *Venus*, watchful o'er thy Joy,
Shall lay thee ſecret near th'impaſſion'd Boy;

His

K I S S X.

In various Kisses various Charms I find,
For changeful Fancy loves each changeful Kind:
Whene'er with mine thy humid Lips unite,
Then humid Kisses with their Sweets delight;
From ardent lips ſo ardent Kisses pleaſe,
For glowing Tranſports often ſpring from Theſe.
What Joy! to kiss thoſe Eyes that wanton rove,
Then catch the Glances of returning Love;
Or clinging to the Cheek of crimſon Glow,
The Boſom, Shoulder, or the Neck of Snow,
What Pleaſure! tender Paſſion to aſſuage,
And ſee the Traces of our am'rous Rage
On the ſoft Neck or blooming Cheek expreſt,
On the white Shoulder, or ſtill whiter Breaſt.
'Twixt yielding Lips, in ev'ry thrilling Kiss,
To dart the trembling Tongue—what matchleſs Bliſs!
Inhailing-ſweet each other's mingling Breath,
While Love lies gaſping in the Arms of Death!

His panting Boſom ſhall be preſt to thine,
And his dear Lips thy breathleſs Lips ſhall join;
With active Tongue he'll dart the humid *Kiſs*,
And on thy Neck indent his eager Bliſs.

While

Seu labris querulis titubantem sugere linguam,
Et miscere duas juncta per ora animas,
Inque peregrinum diffundere corpus utranque;
Languet in extremo cùm moribundus AMOR.
Me breve, me longum capiet, laxumque, tenaxque,
Seu mihi das, seu do, LUX *tibi* BASIOLUM.
QUALIA *sed sumes, nunquam mihi* TALIA *redde:*
Diversis varium ludat uterque modis.
At quem deficiet varianda figura priorem,
Legem submissis audiat hanc occulis.
Ut, quot utrinque priùs data sint, tot BASIA *solus*
"*Dulcia victori det, totidemque modis.*"

[*Et misere duas,* &c.] *Lernutius* thus imitates this Passage of *Secundus* in his Book of *Kisses:*

Dum sensim oppresso blanda inter suavia *sensu,*
Immittam exanimatam illius ori animam:
Mox lingua avidula fugitivam et dante secutu,
Miscebo binas juncta per ora animas.
While Show'rs of *Kisses* o'er each Sense prevail,
My vagrant Soul I'll thro' her Mouth exhale:
But poignant Love-Bites, and the nimble Tongue,
Shall the dear Wanderer recal ere long;
Then our twin Souls in Rapture wild we'll blend,
As Lips with Lips *sweet-kissing* shall contend.

[*Legem submissis,* &c.] This *Kissing*-Match reminds me of one something similar to it in *Guarini*'s Pastor Fido, where the *Megarensian* Nymphs agree to try among each other who can *kiss* best:

Bacianne,

While Soul with Soul in Extasy unites,
Intranc'd, impassion'd with the fond Delights!
From thee receiv'd, or giv'n to thee, My Love!
Alike to me those Kisses grateful prove;
The Kiss that's rapid, or prolong'd with Art,
The fierce, the gentle, equal Joys impart.
But mark;—be all my Kissses, beauteous Maid!
With diff'rent Kisses from thy Lips repaid;
Then varying Raptures shall from Either flow,
As varying Kisses Either shall bestow:
And let the First, who with an unchang'd Kiss
Shall cease to thus diversify the Bliss,
Observe, with Looks in meek Submission dress'd,
That Law by which this Forfeiture's express'd:
" As many Kisses as each Lover gave,
" As each might in Return again receive,
" So many Kisses, from the vanquish'd Side,
" The victor claims, so many Ways applied."

Bacianne, *e si contenda*
Trà noi di baci, *e quella, che d' ogni altra,*
Baciatrice *più scaltra*
Gli saprà dar più saporiti e cari,
N' havrà per sua vittoria
Questa bella ghirlanda.
Guarin. *Pastor Fido. Atto* ii. *Scen.* 1.

Let's *kiss*, and wage a *kissing* War:
Then she, who with superior Art
The sweetest, fondest *Kisses* can impart,
We'll deem the Conqueror;
And to her Brow with one Consent decree
This beauteous Wreath, the Meed of Victory.

BASIUM XI.

"BASIA lauta nimis quidam me jungere dicunt,
"Qualia rugosi non didicêre patres.

"Ergo, ego cùm cupidis stringo tua colla lacertis,
"LUX MEA, BASIOLIS immoriorque tuis;

"Anxius exquiram quid de me quisque loquatur?
"Ipse quis, aut ubi sim, vix meminisse vacat."

Audiit, & risit FORMOSA NEÆRA, meumque
Hinc collum niveâ cinxit & inde manu;

BASIOLUMQUE

["*Ipse quis, &c.*] *Virgil* makes *Dido* express the Wanderings of her Mind much in the same Strain, though they proceeded from a very opposite Cause: hers arose from Despair, our *Poet*'s from Rapture:

Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quæ mentem insania mutat?
VIRG. *Æneid.* iv.

What do I say?—where am I?—whence is wrought
This Change that tortures my distracted Thought?

[*Hinc collum niveâ, &c.*] Thus, too, *Venus* caressed her Husband *Vulcan*, who was somewhat uncomplying, when she entreated him to forge the Armour for *Æneas*:

Dixerat,

K I S S. XI.

" SOME think my KISSES too luxurious told,
" KISSES! they ſay, not known to Sires of old:
" But, while entranc'd on thy ſoft Neck I lie,
" And o'er thy LIPS in tender Tranſport die,
" Shall I then aſk, DEAR LIFE! perplex'd in vain,
" Why rigid Cynics cenſure thus my Strain?
" Ah, no! thy Blandiſhments ſo rapt'rous prove,
" That every raviſh'd Senſe is loſt in Love;
" Bleſt with thoſe Blandiſhments, divine I ſeem,
" And all Elyſium paints the bliſsful Dream."
NEÆRA heard;—then, ſmiling, inſtant threw
Around my Neck her Arm of faireſt Hue:

Dixerat, niveis hinc àtquè hinc Diva *lacertis*
Cunctantem *amplexu molli fovet.*
VIRG. *Æneid* viii.

She ſpoke, and wantonly the *Queen of Charms*
Circles the *ling'ring God* with ſnow-white Arms.

From this, and the preceding Note, as well indeed as from many others, it is pretty clear that *Secundus* had well ſtudied *Virgil*; every Page of his Works might furniſh Inſtances of his having borrowed Expreſſions from that Author.

And

Basiolumque *dedit*; *quo non laſcivius unquam*
Inſeruit Marti Cypria *blanda ſuo*:
“ *Et, quid, (ait,) metuis turbæ decreta ſeveræ?*
“ *Cauſſa meo tantùm competit iſta* foro.”

[Basiolumque *dedit*; &c.] This was certainly one of thoſe *Kiſſes*, mentioned by *Horace*,

Quæ Venus
Quintâ parte ſui nectaris imbuit.
Hor. *Lib.* i. *Od.* 13.

Which the fair *Cyprian Pow'r*
Bathes in a Fifth of all her nectar'd Store.

Monſ. *Dorat*'s *Kiſs* on this Subject is ſo beautiful, that I cannot deny it a Place here; he calls it, La Couronne de Fleurs:

Renverſé doucement dans les bras de *Thaïs*,
Le front ceint d'un léger núage,
Je lui diſois: lorſque tu me ſouris,
Peut-être ſur ma tête il s'élève un orage.
Que penſe-t-on de mes ecrits?
Je dois aimer mes vers, quisqu'ils ſont ton ouvrage.
Occuperai-je les cent voix
De la vagabonde Déeſſe?
A ſes faveurs pour obtenir des droits.
Suffit-il, ô *Thaïs*, de ſentir la tendreſſe?
Thaïs alors ſur de récens gazons
Cueille des fleurs, en treſſe une couronne.
Tiens, c'eſt ainſi que je répons;
Voilà le prix de tes chanſons,
Et c'eſt ma main qui te le donne:
Renounce, me dit-elle, à l'orgueil des lauriers;
Laiſſe cel froids honneurs qu'ici tu te propoſes:
Il faut des couronnes de roſes
A qui peignit l'Amour, & chanta les *baiſers*.
Dorat. *Baiſer* 20

And KISS'D me fonder, more voluptuous far,
Than BEAUTY'S QUEEN e'er KISS'D the GOD OF WAR:
" What! (cries the NYMPH) and ſhall my am'rous Bard
" Pedantic Wiſdom's ſtern Decree regard?
" Thy Cauſe muſt be at my TRIBUNAL tried,
" None but NEÆRA can the Point decide."

BASIUM XII.

QUID vultus removetis hinc pudicos,
MATRONÆQUE, PUELLULÆQUE *castæ?*
Non hîc furta DEUM *jocosa canto,*
Monstrosásve libidinum figuras:
Nulla hîc carmina MENTULATA; *nulla*
Quæ non, discipulos ad integellos,
Hirsutus legat in scholâ magister.
Inermeis cano BASIATIONES,
Castus AONII *chori sacerdos:*
Sed vultus adhibent modò huc protervos
MATRONÆQUE, PUELLULÆQUE *cuncta;*
Ignari quia fortè MENTULATUM
Verbum diximus, evolante voce.
Ite hinc, ite procul, molesta turba,
MATRONÆQUE, PUELLULÆQUE *turpes!*

KISS XII.

MODEST MATRONS, MAIDENS, say,
Why thus turn your Looks away?
Frolic Feats of lawless Love,
Of the lustful POW'RS above;
Forms obscene, that shock the Sight,
In my Verse I ne'er recite;
Verse! where nought INDECENT reigns;
Guiltless are my tender Strains;
Such as Pedagogues austere
Might with strict Decorum hear,
Might, with no licentious Speech,
To their Youth reproachless teach.
I, chaste Vot'ry of the NINE!
KISSES sing of chaste Design:
MAIDS and MATRONS yet, with Rage,
Frown upon my blameless Page;
Frown, because some WANTON Word
Here and there by Chance occurr'd,
Or the cheated Fancy caught
Some obscure, tho' harmless Thought.
Hence, ye prudish MATRONS! hence,
Squeamish MAIDS devoid of Sense!

Quanto castior est NEÆRA *nostra?*
Quæ certè, sine MENTULA, *libellum*
Mavult, quàm, sine MENTULA, *poëtam!*

[*Quæ certè, sine, &c.*] Here our *Poet*, or rather his Mistress *Neæra*, dissents in Opinion from the amorous *Catullus*, who would inculcate the following opposite Principle:

Nam castum esse decet pium poëtam
Ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est:
Qui tum denique habent salem, ac leporem,
Si sunt molliculi, ac parum pudici,
Et quod pruriat incitare possunt;
Non dico pueris, *sed his* pilosis,
Qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos.

CATULLUS. *Carm.* 16.

In Manners, let the learned *Bard*
Severest Chastity regard:
In Poetry, this Rule were vain;
For when luxurious Phrases reign,
And Modesty resigns her Sway,
Then, only then, delights the Lay;
The Lay! that moves a *Youth*'s Desires,
And sluggish *Age* alike inspires.

Such, too, was the Doctrine of *Martial*, after the Example of the *Poet* of *Verona:*

Versus scriberé me parum severos,
Nec quos prælegat in scholâ magister,
Corneli, *quereris: sed hi libelli,*
Tanquam conjugibus suis mariti,
Non possunt sine mentulâ *placere.*

MART. *Epig.* 36. *Lib.* i.

To

And ſhall Theſe in Virtue dare
With my virtuous MAID compare?
She! who in the Bard will prize
What ſhe'll in his Lays deſpiſe;
WANTONNESS with Love agrees,
But RESERVE in Verſe muſt pleaſe.

To me *Cornelius* thus complains:
" Too wanton are thy frolic Strains,
" With Decency ſo little fraught,
" They can't in public Schools be taught."
I anſwer: " Numbers ſuch as theſe,
" Unleſs *licentious*, will not pleaſe;
" No more than he, who guides his Life
" By Chaſtity, can pleaſe a Wife."

BASIUM XIII.

L*ANGUIDUS è dulci certamine,* VITA, *jacebam*
Exanimis, fuſâ per tua colla manu.
Omnis in arenti conſumptus ſpiritus ore,
Flamine non poterat cor recreare novo.
Jam STYX *antè oculos, &* REGNA *carentia ſole,*
Luridaque annoſi cymba CHARONTIS *erat.*
Cum tu, SAUVIOLUM *educens pulmonis ab imo,*
Afflâſti ſiccis irriguum labiis.
SAUVIOLUM! STYGIA *quod me de valle reduxit;*
Et juſſit vacuâ currere nave SENEM.

Erravi:—

[*Languidus è dulci, &c.*] *Congreve*, perhaps, had in View this Line of *Secundus* when he wrote,

See, after the Toils of an amorous Fight,
Where weary and pleas'd ſtill panting ſhe lies;
While yet in her Mind ſhe repeats the Delight,
How ſweet is the Slumber that ſteals on her Eyes!

CONGREVE'S *Semele, Act* ii. *Scene* 2.

[*Et juſſit vacuâ currere, &c.*] *Secundus* here ſeems to have copied the following Lines of *Propertius:*

Solus amans *novit, quando periturus, et à quâ*
Morte; neque hic Boreæ *flabra, neque arma timet.*
Jam licet et Stygia *ſedeat ſub arundine* remex,
Cernat et infernæ triſtia vela ratis:
Si modo clamantis revocaverit aura puellæ,
Concesſum nulla lege redibit iter.

PROPER. *Lib.* ii. *Eleg.* 26.

The

KISS XIII.

WITH am'rous Strife exanimate I lay,
  Around your neck my languid Arm I threw;
My trembling Heart had just forgot to play,
  Its vital Spirit from my Bosom flew:

The STYGIAN LAKE; the dreary Realms below,
  To which the Sun a chearing Beam denies;
Old CHARON'S Boat, slow-wand'ring to and fro,
  Promiscuous pass'd before my swimming Eyes:

When you, NEÆRA! with your humid Breath,
  O'er my parch'd Lips the deep-fetch'd KISS bestow'd;
Sudden, my fleeting Soul return'd from DEATH,
  And freightless hence th' INFERNAL PILOT row'd.

The *Youth*, whom Love instructs, may read his Doom;
What Death he'll die, and when that Death shall come:
Nor *Boreas'* Rage, nor hostile Steel he fears;
In vain for him on *Acheron* appears
The ghastly *Mariner*;——in vain his Sail
Swells proud, distended by th' infernal Gale;
If the *dear Nymph*, whom most his Soul adores,
With grateful Breath his wish'd Return implores:
Her pow'rful Voice, with Rapture, he'll obey;
And, Spite of Fate, review Life's chearful Day.

 Yet

Erravi:—vacuâ non remigat ILLE *carinâ,*
Flebilis ad MANEIS *jam natat umbra mea.*

Pars animæ, MEA VITA, *tuæ hoc in corpore vivit;*
Et dilapſuros ſuſtinet articulos.

Quæ tamen, impatiens, in priſtina jura reverti
Sæpè per arcanas nititur, ægra, vias.

Ac, niſi dilectâ per te foveatur ab aurâ,
Jam collabenteis deſerit articulos.

Ergo, age, labra meis innecte tenacia labris,
Aſſiduéque duos ſpiritus unus alat.

Donec,

[*Pars animæ, &c.*] This Transfuſion of Soul is a Conceit which the elegant *Voiture* has very happily touched upon in the following Stanzas:

Mon ame ſur ma lévre eſtoit lors toute entiere,
Pour ſavourer le miel qui ſur la voſtre eſtoit:
Mais en me retirant, elle reſta derriere,
Tant de ce doux plaiſir l'amorce l'arreſtoit.

S'eſgarant de ma bouche, elle entra dans la voſtre,
Yvre de ce nectar qui charmoit ma raiſon:
Et ſans doute, elle prit une porte pour l'autre,
Et ne luy ſouvint plus quelle eſtoit ſa maiſon.

Mes

Yet soft,—for, oh! my erring Senses stray;—
Not quite unfreighted to the STYGIAN Shore
Old CHARON steer'd his lurid Bark away,
My plaintive Shade he to the MANES bore.

Then since my Soul can here no more remain,
A Part of thine, SWEET LIFE! that Loss supplies;
But what this feeble Fabric must sustain,
If of thy Soul that Part its Aid denies?

And much I fear:—for, struggling to be free,
Oft from its new Abode it fain wou'd roam;
Oft seeks, impatient to return to Thee,
Some secret Pass to gain its native Home.

Unless thy fost'ring Breath retards its Flight,
It now prepares to quit this falling Frame;
Haste, then; to mine thy clingy Lips unite,
And let one Spirit feed each vital Flame!

Mes pleurs n'ont pû depuis flescher cette infidelle,
A quitter un sejour qu'elle trouva si doux:
Et te suis en langueur, sans repos, et sans elle,
Et sans moy-mesme aussi, lors que je suis sans vous.

Elle ne peut laisser ce lieu tant desirable,
Ce beau temple où l'amour est de nous adoré;
Pour entrer derechef en l'enfer miserable,
Où le ciel a voulu qu'elle ait tant enduré.

VOITURE.

Donec, in-expleti post tædia sera furoris,
Unica de gemino corpore vita fuet.

There is a little Epigram in *Marullus* which contains the same Thought as this *Basium*; it is so neatly and delicately turned, that I am certain my Readers will not be displeased to see it inserted here:

Suaviolum *invitæ rapio dum casta* Neæra,
Imprudens vestris liqui animam in labiis.
Exanimúsque diu, cùm nec per se ipsa rediret,
Et mora læthalis quantulacúmque foret,
Misi cor quæsitum animam, sed cor quoque blandis
Captum oculis nunquam deinde mihi rediit.
Quòd nisi suaviolo, *flammam quoque casta* Neæra
Hausissem, quæ me substinet exanimum,
Ille dies misero mihi crede supremus amanti
Luxisset, rapui cùm tibi suaviolum.

MARUL. *Epigram. Lib.* ii.

A *Kiss* from chaste *Neæra*'s Lips I stole,
But on those Lips, in *kissing*, left my Soul.
Incautious Youth!—long Time the Loss I mourn'd,
And waited long, my Soul still ne'er return'd:
At length, exanimate with slow Delay,
I sent my Heart to seek my Soul astray;
But my poor Heart, by Beauty's Pow'r enchain'd,
With my lost Soul, and with the Nymph remain'd:
Then, oh! unless, to foster this sad Frame,
I from *Neæra*'s Lips draw vital Flame,
That Day I *kiss'd* thee must for ever prove
Wretched to me, the greatest Wretch in Love!

Till, after frequent Extaſies of Bliſs,
Mutual, unſating to th' impaſſion'd Heart,
From Bodies thus conjoin'd, in one long Kiss,
That ſingle Life which nouriſh'd both ſhall part.

BASIUM XIV.

QUID profers mihi flammeum labellum?
Non te, non volo BASIARE, DURA!
Duro marmore DURIOR, NEÆRA!
Tanti istas ego ut OSCULATIONES
Imbelleis faciam, SUPERBA, *vestras;*
Ut, nervo toties rigens supino,
Pertundam tunicas meas, tuasque;
Et desiderio furens inani,
Tabescam, MISER, *æstuante venâ?*
Quò fugis?—remane! nec hos ocellos,
Nec nega mihi flammeum labellum:
Te jam, te volo basiare, MOLLIS!
Molli MOLLIOR *anseris medullâ!*

[*Quid profers mihi, &c.*] The Reader must easily perceive, that the Beginning of this *Kiss* very much resembles, and is evidently written in the same Spirit with, the Beginning of the *ninth Kiss*:

Non semper udum da mihi BASIUM, *&c.*

[*Molli* MOLLIOR, *&c.*] This singular Expression is imitated from the licentious *Catullus*:

Cinæde Thalle, *mollior cuniculi capillo,*
Vel anseris medullulâ. CATULL. *Carm.* XXV.

Voluptuous Thallus! softer far
Than softest Down, than softest Hair.

K I S S XIV.

THOSE tempting Lips, of ſcarlet Glow,
Why pout with fond, bewitching Art?
For to thoſe Lips, NEÆRA! know,
My Lips ſhall not one Kiſs impart.

Perhaps you'd have me greatly prize,
HARD-HEARTED FAIR! your precious KISS;
But learn, PROUD MORTAL! I deſpiſe
Such cold, ſuch unimpaſſion'd BLISS.

Think'ſt thou I calmly feel the Flame
That all my rending Boſom fires?
And patient bear, thro' all my Frame,
The Pangs of unallay'd Deſires?

Ah! no;—but turn not thus aſide
Thoſe tempting Lips, of ſcarlet Glow!
Nor yet avert, with angry Pride,
Thoſe Eyes, from whence ſuch Raptures flow!

Forgive the paſt, SWEET-NATUR'D MAID!
My KISSES, LOVE! are all thy own;
Then let my Lips o'er thine be laid,
O'er thine! more ſoft than ſofteſt Down!

BASIUM XV.

Adducto, Puer Idalius, *poſt tempora, nervo,*
Stabat in exitium, pulchra Neæra, *tuum.*

Cùm frontem, ſparſoſque videns in fronte capillos;
Luminaque argutis ir-requieta notis;

Flammeolaſque genas, & dignas matre *papillas;*
Jecit ab ambiguâ tela remiſſa manu:

Inque

[*Cùm frontem, ſparſoſque, &c.*] The Turn of this Line differs but little from the following of *Propertius:*

Seu vidi ad frontem ſparſos errare capillos.
Proper. *Eleg.* 1. *Lib.* ii.

If o'er that Brow your playful Hair I view'd.

In ſhort, Traces of *Propertius* appear throughout all the Writings of *Secundus.*

[*Jecit ab ambiguâ, &c.*] Of all the various Inſtances of the Force of female Charms, I remember none ſo happy as this. *Madame Dacier* remarks, that the Manner in which *Helen*'s Appearance wrought on the *Grecian* Sages, as they ſat at the *Scæan* Gate to view the deciſive Combat between *Menelaus* and *Paris*, is the greateſt Panegyric on Beauty ſhe knows in any claſſical Writer.

Οἱ δ᾽ ὡς ἔν εἴδον Ἑλένην ἐπὶ πύργον ἰῦσαν,
Ἧκα πρὸς ἀλλήλυς ἔπεα πτερόεντ᾽ ἀγόρευον.
Οὐ νέμεσις, Τρῶας καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιὺς
Τοιῇδ᾽ ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν.
Homer. *Iliad. Lib.* iii.

These

KISS XV.

TH' IDALIAN Boy, to pierce NEÆRA's Heart,
Had bent his Bow, had chose the fatal Dart;
But when the CHILD, in Wonder lost, survey'd
That Brow, o'er which your sunny Tresses play'd!
Those Cheeks, that blush'd the Rose's warmest Dye!
That streamy Languish of your lucid Eye!
That Bosom, too, with matchless Beauty bright!
Scarce CYPRIA's own could boast so pure a White!
Tho' Mischief urg'd him first to wound MY FAIR,
Yet partial Fondness urg'd him now to spare;
But, doubting still, he linger'd to decide;
At length resolv'd, he flung the Shaft aside:

Then

These, when the *Spartan* Queen approach'd the Tow'r,
In Secret own'd resistless Beauty's Pow'r:
They cry'd, no Wonder such celestial Charms
For nine long Years have set the World in Arms.

POPE's *Homer*'s *Iliad*. *Book* iii.

Very wonderful indeed are the Powers which *Tibullus* ascribes to the Charms of his Mistress:

Sæpe ego tentavi curas depellere vino:
At dolor in lacrimas verterat omne merum.
Sæpe aliam tenui; sed jam quum gaudia adirem,
Admonuit dominæ, deseruitque Venus.

Tunc

Inque tuas cursu effusus, pueriliter, ulnas,
Mille tibi fixit BASIA, *mille modis*;

Quæ succos tibi MYRTEOLOS, CYPRIOSQUE *liquores,*
Pectoris afflarunt usque sub ima tui:

Juravitque DEOS *omneis,* VENEREMQUE *parentem,*
Nil tibi post unquam velle movere mali.

Et miremur adhuc, cur tam tua BASIA *fragrent?*
Duraque cur miti semper AMORE *vaces?*

Tunc me devotum *descendens femina dixit.*
Et, pudet heu, narrat scire nefanda mea.
Non facit hoc verbis; facie tenerisque lacertis
Devovet, *et flavis nostra puella comis.*

TIBULL. *Eleg.* 6. *Lib.* i.

With Wine I strove to soothe my love-sick Soul,
But vengeful *Cupid* dash'd with Tears the Bowl:
All mad with Rage, to kinder Nymphs I flew;
But Vigour fled me, when I thought on you.
Balk'd of the Rapture, from my Arms they run,
Swear I'm *devoted*, and my Converse shun!
By what dire Witchcraft am I thus betray'd?
Your Face and Air *unnerve* me, matchless Maid!

GRAINGER.

For an Explanation of the Word *devovere*, see the Notes of *Tibullus*'s Commentator *Broekhusius*, or those of this Translator.— But, surely, no Example of the Effects of Beauty can equal the delicate one *Secundus* give us in this *Kiss*.

[*Et miremur adhuc, &c.*] What can be more delicately beautiful than this happy Fiction, which at the same Time accounts for the delicious Sweetness of *Neæra*'s *Kisses*, and the extreme Coldness of her Heart?

Then ruſh'd impetuous to thy circling Arms,
And hung voluptuous o'er thy heav'nly Charms:
There, as the Boy in wanton Folds was laid,
His Lips on thine in varied KISSES play'd;
With ev'ry KISS he tried a thouſand Wiles;
A thouſand Geſtures, and a thouſand Smiles;
Your inmoſt Breaſt with CYPRIAN Odours fill'd,
And all the MYRTLE's luſcious Scent inſtill'd:
Laſtly, he ſwore by ev'ry POW'R above!
By VENUS' ſelf, the potent QUEEN OF LOVE!
That thou, BLEST NYMPH! for ever ſhouldſt remain
Exempt from am'rous Care, from am'rous Pain.
What Wonder, then, ſuch balmy Sweets ſhould flow
In ev'ry grateful KISS thy Lips beſtow!
What Wonder, then, OBDURATE MAID! you prove
Averſe to all the Tenderneſs of Love!

BASIUM XVI.

*L*ATONÆ *niveo ſidere blandior!*
Et ſtellâ VENERIS *pulchrior aureâ!*
Da mî BASIA *centum,*
Da tot BASIA, *quot dedit*

VATI *multivolo* LESBIA, *quot tulit:*
Quot blandæ VENERES, *quotque* CUPIDINES
Et labella per-errant,
Et genas roſeas tuas;

Quot

[VATI *multivolo, &c.*] *Catullus* is here meant, alluding moſt probably to the following Lines:

Vivamus, mea Leſbia, *atque amemus,*
Rumoréſque ſenum ſeveriorum
Omnes unius æſtimemus aſſis.
Soles occidere, et redire poſſunt:
Nobis, cùm ſemel accidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda.
Dă mî baſia *mille, deinde centum,*
Dein mille altera, da ſecunda centum,
Deinde uſque altera mille, deinde centum:
Dein cùm millia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne ſciamus,
Aut ne quis malus invidere poſſit,
Cùm tantum ſciat eſſe baſiorum.

CATULL. *Carm.* V.

My

KISS XVI.

BRIGHT as VENUS' golden Star!
And as ſilver CYNTHIA fair!
NYMPH, with ev'ry Charm replete!
Give an Hundred KISSES ſweet;

Then

My deareſt *Leſbia!* lets employ
Youth's tranſient Date in am'rous Joy;
Nor heed, tho' fretful Age reprove
The Raptures of unbounded Love:
Each Sun that ſets again ſhall riſe;
Not ſo, when Death has ſeal'd our Eyes;
Life's little Gleam of Sunſhine o'er,
We ſleep, alas, to 'wake no more!
A Thouſand tender *Kiſſes* give,
Let me an Hundred more receive,
A ſecond Thouſand grant me ſtill,
A ſecond Hundred now fulfil,
Another Thouſand o'er again,
Another rápt'rous Hundred then:
And, when the Thouſands num'rous grow,
Let's ceaſe to count, that none may know
What endleſs *Sums of Bliſs* I owe.

[*Quot blandæ* VENERES, *&c.*] The French Verſificator has imitated the Beginning of this *Kiſs* with exquiſite Delicacy:

Oui; de ta bouche enfantine
Donne moi dans ces vergers
Autant de furtifs *baiſers*
Qu'*Ovide* en prit à *Corine*;

Autant

Quot VITAS *oculis, quotque* NECEIS *geris,*
Quot SPES, *quotque* METUS, *quotque perennibus*
Miſta GAUDIA CURIS,
Et SUSPIRIA *amantium.*

Da, quàm MULTA *meo* SPICULA *pectori*
Inſevit VOLUCRIS *dira manus* DEI:
Et quàm MULTA *pharetrâ*
Conſervavit in aureâ.

Adde

Autant (je n'en veux plus)
Qu'il naît d'*Amours* ſur tes traces,
Qu'on voit jouer de *Vénus*
Et de *beautés* et de *graces*,
Sur ton ſein, entre tes bras,
Dans ton délicat ſourire,
Dans tout ce que tu ſais dire,—
Et ce que tu ne dis pas;
Autant que ton œil de flamme,
Armé de ſéductions,
Lance d'aimable *rayons*,
Et de *traits* qui vont à l'ame,
De voluptueux *deſirs*,
De rapides *eſpérances*,
Et d'amoureuſes *vengeances*,
Signal de nouveaux plaiſirs;

Autant

Then as many Kisses more
O'er my lips profuſely pour,
As th' inſatiate Bard could want,
Or his bounteous Lesbia grant;
As the vagrant Loves, that ſtray
On thy Lip's nectareous Way;
As the dimpling Graces ſpread
On thy Cheek's carnation'd Bed;
As the Deaths thy Lovers die;
As the Conquests of thine Eye;
Or the Cares, and fond Delights,
Which its changeful Beam incites;
As the Hopes and Fears we prove,
Or th' impaſſion'd Sighs, in Love;
As the Shafts by Cupid ſped,
Shafts! by which my Heart has bled;
As the countleſs Stores, that ſtill
All his golden Quiver fill.

Autant que nos tourterelles
Roucoulent de tendres *feux*,
Quand le printems de ſes aîles
Semble careſſer ces lieux.

Dorat. *Baiſer* x.

Adde & blanditias, verbaque publica,

Et cum ſuavi-crepis murmura ſibilis,

Riſu non ſine grato,

Gratis non ſine morſibus:

Qualeis CHAONIÆ *garrula motibus*

Alternant tremulis roſtra columbulæ,

Cùm ſe dura remittit

Primis BRUMA FAVONIIS.

[*Qualeis* CHAONIÆ, *&c.*] *Chaonia* was a Part of *Epirus*, conſiſting of wooded Mountains, abounding in Doves; hence Doves are often called, by the *Latin* Poets, *Chaoniæ Columbæ*.

Non me Chaoniæ *vincunt in amore* columbæ.

PROPER. *Eleg.* 9. *Lib.* i.

Chaonian Doves are not more fond than me.

Taſſo thus prettily mentions the Careſſes of two Turtles:

Mira là quel colombo,
Con che dolce ſuſurro luſingando,
Bacia *la ſua compagna.*

TASSO. *Aminta, Atto* i.

See, as yon flatt'ring Turtle woos,
His tender Love how fond he coos;
And frequent to his faithful Mate
Gives many a billing *Kiſs* ſo ſweet!

Incumbénſque

Whiſper'd Plaints, and wanton Wiles;
Speeches ſoft, and ſoothing Smiles;
Teeth-imprinted, tell-tale Bliſſes;
Intermix with all thy KISSES:
So, when ZEPHYR's breezy Wing
Wafts the balmy Breath of SPRING,
TURTLES thus their Loves repeat,
Fondly-billing, murm'ring-ſweet;
While their trembling Pinions tell
What Delights their Boſoms ſwell.

Now, when Joys o'erwhelm thy Mind,
On my glowing Cheek reclin'd,
All around, in am'rous Trance,
Let thine Eyes voluptuous glance;
And, ſuffus'd with Paſſion's Flames,
Dart their ſweetly-trembling Gleams:
Then, ſoft-languiſhing, and ſighing,
With delicious Tranſport dying,
Say to thy officious Swain,
"Now thy FAINTING FAIR ſuſtain."
In my fond, encircling Arms
I'll receive thy melting Charms;
While the long, life-teeming KISS
Shall recal thy Soul to Bliſs:
And, as thus the vital Store
From my humid Lips I pour,
Till, exhauſted with the PLAY,
All my Spirit waſtes away;

Incumbénſque meis mentis inops genis,
Huc, illuc, oculos volve natatileis,
Ex-anguemque, lacertis,
Dic, te ſuſtineam meis.

Stringam nexilibus te, te ego brachiis,
Frigentem calido pectore comprimam,
Et vitam tibi longi
Reddam afflamine BASII.

Donec ſuc-ciduum me quoque ſpiritus
Iſtis roſcidulis linquet in OSCULIS,
Labentémque, lacertis,
Dicam, collige me tuis.

Stringes nexilibus me, MEA, *brachiis,*
Mulcebis tepido pectore frigidum:
Et vitam mihi longi af-
flabis rore SUAVII.

Sic

[*Incumbénſque meis mentis, &c.*] Mr. *Stanley* has tranſlated this and the three following Stanzas with great Fidelity, if not with ſome Degree of poetic Harmony:

Reſt

Sudden, in my Turn, I'll cry,
"Oh! ſupport me, for I die."
To your foſt'ring Breaſt you'll hold me,
In your warm Embrace enfold me;
While thy Breath, in nectar'd Gales,
O'er my ſinking ſoul prevails;
While thy Kisses ſweet impart
Life, and Rapture to the Heart.

Thus, when Youth is in its Prime,
Let's enjoy the golden Time;

Reſt on my Cheek in Extaſie,
Ready to cloſe thy dying Eye;
And as thou faint'ſt away
Me to uphold thee pray:

My arms about thee I will twine;
My warm to thy cold Boſome joyn,
And call thee back from Death,
With a long *Kiſſes* Breath:

'Till me like Fate of Life bereave,
Who in that *Kiſs* my Spirit leave,
And as I ſink away
Thee to uphold me pray:

Thy Arms about me thou ſhalt ty,
Thy warm to my cold Breaſt apply,
And ſummon me from Death
With a long *Kiſſes* Breath.

Stanley's *Poems. Kiſſes.*

For,

Sic ævi, MEA LUX, *tempora floridi*
Carpamus ſimul. En, jam miſerabileis
CURAS *ægra* SENECTUS
Et MORBOS *trahet,* & NECEM.

[*Sic ævi, &c.*] *Horace* gives much ſuch Advice to his fair Friend *Leuconoë:*

Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem, quàm minimùm credula poſtero.
HOR. *Od.* 11. *Lib.* i.

Even while we talk in careleſs Eaſe,
Our envious Minutes wing their Flight;
Inſtant the fleeting Pleaſure ſeize,
Nor truſt To-morrow's doubtful Light.
FRANCIS.

Hear in how eloquent a Strain an *Engliſh Bard* warns his Miſtreſs of the ſhort Duration of Youth and Beauty; urging her to make preſent Uſe of them:

Take heed, *my Dear,* Youth flies apace;
As well as *Cupid,* Time is blind:
Soon muſt thoſe Glories of thy Face
The Fate of vulgar Beauty find:
The thouſand *Loves* that arm thy potent Eye
Muſt drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Haſte, *Cælia,* haſte, while Youth invites;
Obey kind *Cupid*'s preſent Voice;
Fill ev'ry Senſe with ſoft Delights,
And give thy Soul a Looſe to Joys:
Let Millions of repeated *Bliſſes* prove
That thou all Kindneſs art, and I all Love.
PRIOR. *An Ode.*

For, when ſmiling Youth is paſt,
Age theſe tender Joys ſhall blaſt:
Sickness, which our Bloom impairs;
Slow-conſuming, painful Cares;
Death, with dire remorſeleſs Rage;
All attend the Steps of Age.

BASIUM XVII.

QUALEM purpureo diffundit MANE *colorem*
Quæ rosa NOCTURNIS *roribus im-maduit:*

MATUTINA *rubent* DOMINÆ *sic* OSCULA *nostræ*
BASIOLIS, *longâ* NOCTE, *rigata meis.*

Quæ circùm facies niveo candore coronat;
Virginis ut violam cùm tenet alba manus.

Tale novum seris cerasum sub floribus ardet;
Æstatemque, & ver cùm simul arbor habet.

Me miserum! quare, cùm flagrantissima jungis
OSCULA, *de thalamo cogor abire tuo?*

O saltem,

[*Tale novum seris, &c.*] This Simile bears no small Resemblance to the following, which *Ovid* has, in the Story of *Narcissus:*

Dumque dolet, summâ vestem deduxit ab orâ,
Nudaque marmoreis percussit pectora palmis.
Pectora traxerunt tenuem percussa ruborem.
Non aliter, quam poma solent; quæ candida parte,
Parte rubent. Aut ut variis solet uva racemis
Ducere purpureum, nondum matura, colorem.

OVID. *Metam. Lib.* iii.

Then

KISS XVII.

ROSES, refresh'd with NIGHTLY Dew, display
New Beauties blushing to the DAWN OF DAY;
So, by the KISSES of a RAPT'ROUS NIGHT,
Thy vermil LIPS at MORN blush doubly bright;
And from thy Face, that's exquisitely fair,
That vermil Brightness seems more bright t'appear:
Deep-purpled Vi'lets thus a deeper Glow,
Held in some Virgin's snowy Hand, will show;
And early-rip'ning Cherries thus assume,
'Mid the late Blossoms, a superior Bloom;
When Spring and Summer boast united Pow'r,
At once producing both the Fruit and Flow'r.
But why, when most thy KISSES fire my Heart,
Why, from th' endearing Transport must I part?

> Then as he wept, he tore away his Vest,
> And smote with marble Hands his naked Breast;
> His Breast, where printed with each frantic Blow,
> In Stains of deep'ning Red began to glow:
> So Apples shew, one white unripen'd Side
> Contrasting one with streaky Crimson dy'd;
> So clust'ring Grapes with partial Purple shine,
> Ere Autumn well matures the loaded Vine.

O ſaltem, labris ſerva hunc, FORMOSA, *ruborem;*
Dum tibi me referet NOCTIS *opaca quies!*
Si tamen interea cujuſquam BASIA *carpent,*
Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.

[*Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.*] i. e. *paler than my Cheeks ſhall become at ſeeing this evident Teſtimony of Infidelity,* viz. *your Lips loſing their roſy Colour.* The Idea of Infidelity's being puniſhed by ſome Failure of Beauty is alſo *Horace*'s:

Ulla ſi juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, *nocuiſſet unquam:*
Dente ſi nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior ungui;
Crederem: &c.

HOR. *Lib.* ii. *Od.* 8.

If ever injur'd Pow'r had ſhed
The ſlighteſt Vengeance on thy Head,
If but a Nail or Tooth of *Thee*
Were blacken'd by thy Perjury,
Again thy Falſhood might deceive,
And I the faithleſs Vow believe.

FRANCIS.

And thus *Ovid* to the ſame Purpoſe:

Eſſe Deos *credamne?—fidem jurata feſellit,*
Et facies illi, quæ fuit ante, manet.
Quam longos habuit, nondum perjura, capillos,
Tam longos, poſtquam numina læſit, habet.

OVID. *Amor. Lib.* iii. *Eleg.* 3.

Can there be *Gods?*—the perjur'd Fair-one ſwore,
Yet looks as lovely as ſhe look'd before.
Long flow'd the careleſs Treſſes of her Hair,
While yet ſhe ſhone as innocent as fair;
Long flow the Treſſes of the Wanton now,
And ſport as Trophies of her broken Vow.

DUNKIN.

Oh! let that Crimſon on thoſe Lips remain
Till Ev'ning brings me to thy Arms again:
Yet ſhould thoſe Lips ere then ſome Rival bleſs,
Some Youth whom thou in Secret ſhalt careſs;
Then may they ceaſe for ever to diſcloſe
That beauteous Bluſh, which emulates the Roſe!
Then paler turn, than my pale Cheek ſhall prove,
Whene'er I view this Mark of faithleſs Love!

BASIUM XVIII.

Cum labra nostræ cerneret PUELLÆ,
Inclusa circo candidæ figuræ;
(Ut si quis ornet, arte curiosâ,
Corallinis eburna signa baccis;)
Flevisse fertur CYPRIS, *& gemendo*
Lascivienteis convocasse AMORES;
Et, " quid juvat (dixisse) purpuratis
" Vicisse in IDA PALLADEM *labellis,*

[*Ut si quis ornet, &c.*] *Secundus* here seems to have had an Eye to the following Lines of *Virgil:*

Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Si quis ebur, aut mista rubent ubi lilia multâ
Alba rosâ.
VIRG. *Æneid.* xii.

So looks the beauteous Iv'ry, stain'd with Red;
So Roses, mix'd with Lilies in the Bed,
Blend their rich Hues.
PITT.

" Et

KISS XVIII.

WHEN CYTHEREA firſt beheld
  Thoſe Lips with ruby Luſtre bright,
Thoſe Lips! which, as they bluſhing ſwell'd,
  Bluſh'd deeper from th' incircling White;

(So, when ſome Artiſt's Skill inlays
  Coral mid Iv'ry's paler Hue,
That height'ning Coral ſoon diſplays
  A warmer Crimſon to the View;)

Then, urg'd by Envy and by Hate,
  Which riſing Sighs and Tears betray'd,
SHE called her wanton LOVES;—and ſtrait
  The wanton LOVES her Call obey'd:

To whom the Queen in plaintive Strain;—
  "Ah! what, MY BOYS, avails it now,
"That to theſe Lips the PHRYGIAN SWAIN
  "Decreed the Prize on IDA'S BROW?

"That

" *Et* PRONUBAM *magni* JOVIS SOROREM
" *Sub arbitro paſtore? Cùm* NEÆRA
" *Hæc ante-cellat, arbitro* POETA?
" *At vos, furentes, ite in hunc* POETAM,
" *Et, dira plenis tela de pharetris,*
" *In* ILLIUS *medullulas tenellas,*
" *Pectuſque per, jecurque per jocoſum,*
" *Diſtringite acres perſtrepente cornu.*
" *At* ILLA *nullo pertepeſcat igne,*
" *Sed tacta pectus plumbeâ ſagittâ*
" *Torpeſcat imas congelata venas."*

Evênit:

[*Et* PRONUBAM *magni, &c.*] *Pronuba* is a Title given to *Juno*, from her being ſuppoſed to preſide over Marriages.

[*Sub arbitro paſtore? &c.*] The Story of the Judgment of *Paris* is too well known to be related here: *Paris* gives a beautiful Deſcription of it, in the Epiſtle which *Ovid* makes him write to *Helen*. *Vide* OVID, *Epiſt.* xvi. *Paris Helenæ.*

[*Plumbeâ ſagittâ, &c.*] The *God of Love* was ſaid to have two Kinds of Darts; one of Gold, cauſing Love; the other of Lead, cauſing Hate. *Ovid*, in the ſtory of *Apollo and Daphne*, thus mentions them:

Eque ſagittiferâ prompſit duo tela pharetrâ
Diverſorum operum. Fugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
Quod facit, auratum eſt, et cuſpide fulget acutâ:
Quod fugat, obtuſum eſt, et habet ſub arundine plumbum.

OVID. *Metamor. Lib.* i.

Two

" That Prize! for which, elate with Pride,
" The MARTIAL MAID contentious ſtrove;
" That Prize! to JUNO's ſelf denied,
" Tho' SISTER, tho' the WIFE of JOVE:

" If, to pervert this SWAIN's Decree,
" A POET's partial Judgment dare
" His mortal NYMPH prefer to me,
" Her Lips with Lips divine compare!

" Swift, then, ye vengeful CUPIDS, fly
" With loaded Quivers to the Bard;
" Let all the Pangs ye can ſupply
" His matchleſs Inſolence reward:

" Go, practice ev'ry cruel Art
" Revenge can frame, without Delay;
" His Boſom pierce with ev'ry Dart
" Which Love's ſoft Poiſon may convey:

" But wound not with ſuch Darts the FAIR,
" Her Breaſt muſt ever cold remain;
" Your Shafts of Lead lodge deeply there,
" To freeze the Current of each Vein."

Two Shafts he drew from the full Quiver's Store;
As one caus'd Love, ſo one repell'd its Pow'r:
Sharp was the Shaft which caus'd, and Gold the Head;
That which repell'd was barb'd with blunted Lead.

Evénit: imis uror in medullis,
Et torrido jecur liquescit igne;
Tu sulta pectus asperis pruinis
Et caute, qualeis aut maris SICANI,
Aut ADRIÆ *unda tundit æstuosa,*
Secura ludis impotentem amantem;
INGRATA! *propter ista labra rubra*
Laudata plector. Heu! MISELLA, *nescis,*
Cur oderis: nec ira quid DEORUM
Effrena possit, & furor DIONES!

[*Qualeis aut maris* SICANI, *&c.*] The *Sicilian* Sea, forming a Part of the *Ionian*, is remarkable for those Terrors to Navigators, *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. See a beautiful Description of them in *Virgil*, *Æneid* iii.—And the *Adriatic* Sea, or Gulph of *Venice*, is celebrated for being tempestuous by many Classics. Thus *Horace*, by Way of Comparison:

Et improbo
Iracundior Adriâ.
HOR. *Od.* 9. *Lib.* iii.

More angry than the *Adrian* Sea.

Again,

Fretis acrior Adriæ
Curvantis Calabros *sinus.*
Od. 33. *Lib.* i.

Fiercer than *Adrian* Waves that roar,
Winding the rough *Calabrian* Shore.

Duros

SHE ſpoke :—now more than uſual Fire
  Conſumes apace my melting Soul ;
And now, fierce Torrents of Deſire
  Tumultuous thro' my Boſom roll :

While thou, whoſe icy Heart betrays
  No more Concern than Rocks that brave
The Fury of SICILIAN Seas,
  Or ADRIA's rudely-daſhing Wave,

Canſt, in unfeeling Scorn ſecure,
  Mock all thy tortur'd Lover's Pain ;
Who for fond Praiſe is doom'd t'endure,
  UNGRATEFUL MAID ! thy cold Diſdain.

Yet why, PROUD WRETCH ! you thus deſpiſe
  You know not ;—nor how fierce may prove
Th' ungovern'd Anger of the SKIES,
  The Vengeance of the QUEEN OF LOVE !

But, oh ! no more purſue that Scorn,
  Which ill-becomes each outward Grace ;
Sure, ſweeteſt Manners ſhould adorn
  The NYMPH who boaſts ſo ſweet a Face !

Then let thy Lips to mine be preſt,
  Thoſe honied Lips ! which cauſe my Care :
Imbibing from my inmoſt Breaſt
  The latent Poiſon rankling there :

Duros remitte, MOLLICELLA, *faſtus;*
Iſtoque dignos ore ſume mores:
Et, quæ meorum cauſſa ſunt dolorum,
Mellita labris necte labra noſtris:
Haurire poſſis ut mei puſillum
Præcordiis ex intimis veneni,
Et mutuis languere victa flammis.
At nec DEOS, *nec tu time* DIONEN:
Formoſa DIVIS *imperat puella!*

[*Iſtoque dignos ore, &c.*] When *Secundus* thus tenderly complains of the cruel Behaviour of his *Neæra*, ill-ſuited to ſuch divine Beauty as hers; I cannot help calling to Mind a ſimilar Complaint, in *Cowley*, which is exquiſitely delicate:

Love in her ſunny Eyes does baſking play;
Love walks the pleaſant Mazes of her Hair;
Love does on both her Lips for ever ſtray;
And *ſows* and *reaps* a thouſand *Kiſſes* there;
In all her outward Parts *Love*'s alwayes ſeen;
But, oh! He never went within!

COWLEY'S *Miſtreſs*, *The Change.*

And, as you thus partake the Smart
  Of all my Torture,—in your Turn
You'll catch the Flame that warms my Heart,
  And ſoon with mutual Paſſion burn.

But fear not thou the Pow'rs divine,
  Fear not the potent Queen of Love!
Beauty, well-guarded Maid! like thine
  Can ſway th' imperial Souls above.

B A S I U M XIX.

MElli-legæ VOLUCRES! *quid adhuc* THYMA *cana,*
ROSASQUE,
Et rorem VERNÆ *nectareum* VIOLÆ,

Lingitis? aut florem latè-spirantis ANETHI?
Omnes, ad DOMINÆ *labra, venite, meæ.*

Illa ROSAS *spirant omneis,* THYMAQUE *omnia sola,*
Et succum VERNÆ *nectareum* VIOLÆ:

Inde procul dulces auræ funduntur ANETHI:
NARCISSI *veris illa madent lachrymis;*

OEBALIIQUE

[*Omnes, ad* DOMINÆ, &c.] The thirtieth and laſt *Baſium* of *Lernutius* appears to be evidently a conciſe and not inelegant Imitation of this laſt of *Secundus*. I ſhall here tranſcribe it entire, for my Readers to judge:

Extruite heic cellas, volucres florentis Hymetti,
Et dominæ *in roſeis mellificate labris:*
Nam quæcunque meæ libaverit oſcula Hyellæ,
Ultra Cecropias *nectar habebit apes.*
LERNUTII *Baſium* XXX.

Ye,

KISS XIX.

WHY wing your Flight, YE BEES! from Flow'r
to Flow'r?
Why, toiling thus, collect the LUSCIOUS STORE
From bloſſom'd THYME empurpling all the Ground?
From the rich ANISE breathing Odours round?
Why ſip the VERNAL VI'LET's nectar'd Dew?
Or ſpoil the fragrant ROSE of bluſhing Hue?
Fly to the Lips, YE WANTONS! of MY FAIR;
And gather all your BALMY TREASURES there;

Ye, that o'er ſweet *Hymettus* wont to rove
On buſy Wing, go ſeek my ſweeter *Love*;
Build on her roſeate Lips your waxen Cells;
Thoſe roſeate Lips, where genuine Honey dwells!
For, know, *Hyella*'s *Kiſs* ſuch Nectar yields
As Bees ne'er gather'd in *Cecropian* Fields.

Since *The Eſſay on the Life and Writings of Secundus*, where *Lernutius* is mentioned, went to the Preſs, I have been lucky enough to meet with the following ſhort Account of this Author, in the Supplement to *Moreri*'s Dictionary: "LERNUTIUS (*Janus*) "de Bruges, naquît en 1545, & mourut en 1619. Etoit Poëte; "mais il n'employa preſque ſa Muſe qu'à chanter l'Amour. "On trouve ſes Piéces de Poëſie dans le 3 Tome des *Délices* "*Belgiques*, p. 114. *Voyez Sweertius*, p. 382. *Sanderus in Bru-* "*genſ.* p. 47."

Thence

OEBALIIQUE *madent* JUVENIS *fragrante cruore;*
Qualis uterque liquor, cùm cecidiſſet, erat;

NECTAREQUE *ætherio medicatus, & aëre puro,*
Impleret FOETU VERSI-COLORE *ſolum.*

Sed

[FOETU VERSI-COLORE, *&c.*] This is certainly a Metamorphoſis of *Secundus*'s own Invention: He muſt mean Flowers variegated with Red and White in general, and not any variegated Flower in particular; for we no where read, in the Claſſics, of any ſuch to have ſprung from the *Tears* of *Narciſſus*, mixed with the *Blood* of *Hyacinthus*. *Narciſſus*, according to *Ovid*, was turned into a *Daffodil*; and the Blood of *Hyacinthus* produced the *Hyacinth*. Vide OVID. *Metamorph. Lib.* iii. *Fab.* 6. and *Lib.* x. *Fab.* 5. However this may be, *Secundus*, beyond a Doubt, is indebted, for the poetical Imagery he makes Uſe of, to the following Lines of *Ovid*, in the Story of *Adonis* being transformed to an *Anemony*, by *Venus* ſprinkling his Blood with Nectar:

Sic fata, cruorem
Nectare odorato ſpargit; qui tactus ab illo
Intumuit: ſic ut pluvio perlucida cœlo
Surgere bulla ſolet: nec plenâ longior horâ
Facta mora eſt, cùm flos *è ſanguine concolor ortus.*
OVID. *Metam. Lib.* x.

Which Mr. *Euſden* thus prettily turns into Engliſh:

Then, on the Blood ſweet Nectar ſhe beſtows;
The ſcented Blood in little Bubbles roſe;
Little as rainy Drops which flutt'ring fly,
Borne by the Winds along a low'ring Sky.
Short Time enſu'd, till where the Blood was ſhed
A *Flow'r* began to rear its purple Head.
EUSDEN.

Nectar,

Thence catch the Fragrance of the bluſhing ROSE;
Thence ſip that Dew which from the VI'LET flows;
Thence the rich Odours of the ANISE ſteal;
And thence the bloſſom'd THYME's Perfume inhale:
Lips! where thoſe Tears in genuine Moiſture dwell,
That from NARCISSUS ſelf-enamour'd fell;
Lips! deeply-ting'd with HYACINTHUS' Blood,
Which, with the Tears in one commingled Flood,
Impregnating the fertile Womb of Earth,
Firſt gave the VARIEGATED FLOW'R its Birth:
Soon, by the NECTAR'D SHOW'RS that Heav'n beſtow'd,
With fanning Gales, the motly OFFSPRING blow'd:
For Drops of Blood, lo! crimſon Streaks appear;
And Streaks uncolour'd for each lucid Tear.

Nectar, according to the ancient *Poets*, ſeemed a principal Requiſite for working any ſupernatural Change in the vegetable World. Nectar produced the Roſe, as the *Teian Bard* ſings:

Μακάρων θεῶν δ' ὅμιλος,
Ῥόδον ὡς γένοιτο, νεκταρ
Επιτέγξας, ἀνέτειλεν
Αγέρωχον ἐξ ἀκάνθης
Φυτὸν ἄμβροτον Λυαίῳ.

ANAC. Od. liii.

But, firſt, th' aſſembled *Gods* debate
The future Wonder to create:
Agreed at length, from Heaven they threw
A Drop of rich *nectareous Dew*;
A Bramble-Stem the Drop receives,
And ſtrait the *Roſe* adorns the Leaves.
The *Gods* to *Bacchus* gave the *Flower*,
To grace him in the genial Hour.

FAWKES.

Nor

Sed me, jure meo libantem mellea labra,
INGRATÆ, *ſocium ne prohibete favis.*

Non etiam totas, AVIDÆ, *diſtendite cellas,*
Areſcant DOMINÆ *ne ſemel ora meæ*;

BASIAQUE *im-preſſans ſiccis ſitientia labris,*
Garrulus indicii triſte feram pretium.

Heu! non & ſtimulis com-pungite molle labellum:
Ex oculis ſtimulos vibrat & ILLA *pareis.*

Credite, non ullum patietur vulnus in-ultum:
Leniter in-nocuæ mella legatis APES.

At the end of theſe *Poems*, it may not be improper to remark, that, though *Secundus* ſeems to make an indiſcriminate Uſe of the three *Latin* Words, ſignifying a *Kiſs*, *Oſculum*, *Baſium*, and *Suavium*, yet they had different Significations among the ancient Claſſics: *Oſculum* was the *Kiſs* of Duty, or of Friendſhip; *Baſium* was the *Kiſs* of Affection, and of Love; *Suavium* was the *Kiſs* of Wantonneſs, the libidinous *Kiſs*; though ſome will have it that *Baſium* is uſed in this laſt Senſe, and that *Suavium* is the *Kiſs* of chaſter Love. A celebrated *Grammarian* of Antiquity has the following Words upon this Subject: "Oſcula *officiorum ſunt*, baſia "*pudicorum affectuum*, ſuavia *libidinum vel amorum*." ÆLIUS DONATUS.

But ſtill, YE BEES well-favour'd! GRATEFUL prove;
Let no unkind Refuſals pay my Love,
If e'er I claim (what's ſure my rightful Due)
To ſhare thoſe Lips, thoſe honied Lips! with You:
Nor ſuck INSATIATE all their Balm away,
And to your burſting Cells the Sweets convey;
Leſt, when to cool my fever'd Lips I try,
NEÆRA's Lips no cooling Dews ſupply;
Then ſhall I juſtly reap the ſad Reward
Of what miſguided Confidence declar'd.

And, oh! to wound her tender Lips forbear;
Or dread the fatal Vengeance of the FAIR:
Tho' ſharp your Stings, her Eyes can ſcatter round
Darts that with more tormenting Stings may wound!
Nor, as YE ſip, inflict the ſlighteſt Pain,
For unreveng'd the Wrong will ne'er remain;
But gently gather, from thoſe precious Rills,
Th' ambroſial Drops each humid Lip diſtils.

EPITHALAMIUM.

EPITHALAMIUM.

HORA ſuavicula, & voluptuoſa;
Hora blanditiis, lepore, riſu;
Hora deliciis, jocis, ſuſurris;
Hora SUAVIOLIS, *parique magnis*
Cum DIIS & JOVE *tranſigenda ſorte:*
Hora quâ poetrat beatiorem

[*Hora quâ poterat, &c.*] *Boneſonius* thus imitates this Paſſage:

> Nox *felicibus invidenda* Divis,
> *Quâ nec* Juno *mihi beatiorem,*
> *Nec poſſit* Venus *ipſa polliceri.*

BONEFON. *Pancharis.*

Thus rendered by an anonymous Imitator:

> That *Night,*
> Which *Gods* wou'd envy if they knew;
> A Night ſo pleaſant *Juno* can't beſtow,
> Nor could the *Queen of Love* with *Mars* a better know.

ANONYM.

THE EPITHALAMIUM.

HAIL, genial Hour!
In myrtle Bow'r
Of young-eyed Pleaſure born;
Whom wanton Wiles,
And Jeſts, and Smiles,
And roſeate Sports adorn.

Sweet Hour, all hail!
With Envy pale
Which JOVE himſelf might ſee;
And own, at leaſt,
His nectar'd Feaſt
Equall'd, ſweet Hour! by Thee.

No happier Hour
The GNYDIAN POW'R
Could on bleſt Man beſtow:
Nor He, who reigns
O'er fartheſt Plains,
GOD of the fatal Bow,

Young,

Nec GNYDI DEA *sancta polliceri*;

Nec qui cum pharetrâ pererrat orbem,

Curis

[*Nec qui cum pharetrâ, &c.*] Elegantly descriptive of the little winged *Deity* as these Lines of *Secundus* may be, the classical Reader may not be displeased to see, in this Place, an admirable Picture of *Cupid* compleatly equipped, drawn by one of the first poetic *Painters* of amorous Subjects, who likewise explains the Meaning of his different Accoutrements:

Quicunque ille fuit puerum qui pinxit Amorem,
Nónne putas miras hunc habuisse manus?
Is primùm vidit sinè sensu vivere amantes,
Et levibus curis magna perire bona.
Idem non frustra ventosas addidit alas,
Fecit et humano corde volare Deum.
Scilicet alternâ quoniam jactamur in unda,
Nostráque non ullis permanet aura locis.
Et meritò hamatis manus est armata sagittis,
Et pharetra ex humero Cnosia *utroque jacet:*
Antè ferit quoniam, tuti quàm cernimus hostem,
Nec quisquam ex illo vulnere sanus abit.

PROPERT. *Eleg.* 12. *Lib.* ii.

Whoe'er it was *Love*'s infant Pow'r that drew,
Did not vast Skill his wond'rous Hands endue?
He saw how small the Judgment Lovers share,
That solid Good they'd yield to trivial Care:
Flutt'ring o'er human Hearts he feign'd the *God*,
Nor vainly where his wanton Wings bestow'd;
For they denote th' Inconstancy of Love,
Denote the Tumults am'rous Bosoms prove:

His

Young CUPID! wild
As any Child,
Who ſhakes his purple Wings;
And ſome rich Joy,
Delicious Boy!
On ev'ry Sorrow flings:

Nor thou, great Queen!
Unrivall'd ſeen
With wond'rous Grace to move;
At Love's high Feaſt
A bidden Gueſt,
SISTER, and WIFE of JOVE:

His youthful Hand with bearded Shafts he grac'd,
Behind each Shoulder the full Quiver plac'd;
Theſe mark the latent Miſchiefs of the *Boy*,
And that, if once he wounds, his Wounds deſtroy.

Prior may have copied from the *Latin Claſſic* the following ſimilar Portrait of the *God of Love*.

Faſt in his Hand the *Idol* holds his Bow:
A Quiver by his Side ſuſtains a Store
Of pointed Darts; ſad Emblems of his Pow'r:
A pair of Wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone; which now again he bends
Prone to return, as beſt may ſerve his wanton Ends.

PRIOR, *Solomon*, *Book* ii.

Curis gaudia delicata miſcens,
Pennâ ſplendidus aureâ CUPIDO;
Magni PRONUBA *nec* SOROR TONANTIS;
Nec qui floridulas HYMEN *puellas,*
Raptas è gremio tenace matrum,
Involvit cupidis viri lacertis,
RUPIS *incola floriger* CANORÆ;

Advecta

[*Curis Gaudia, &c.*] *Secundus*, in mentioning this Attribute of the *God of Love*, ſeems rather to have improved upon the Expreſſion of *Catullus*:

Sancte Puer, *curis hominum qui gaudia miſces.*
CATUL. *Epithal. Pelei & Thetid.*

Celeſtial *Youth*, 'tis thy Delight to throw
On human Bliſs ſome Tinge of human Woe.

Love, in like Manner, is repreſented, by an *Engliſh Bard*, blending Joy and Care.

Come to my Breaſt, thou *roſy-ſmiling God!*
Come unconfin'd! bring all thy Joys along,
All thy ſoft Cares, and mix them copious here.
THOMSON. *Sophoniſba.*

Guarini has a beautiful Antitheſis, expreſſive of this Idea:

O, *dolcezze amariſſime d'*Amore!
GUARIN. *Paſtor Fido. Atto* 3.

O, moſt imbitter'd Sweets of *Love!*

[*Nec*

Nor, Hymen! Thou,
Upon the Brow
Of tuneful Mountain born;
Who dwell'st in Bow'rs
Of am'rous Flow'rs;
And, from her Mother torn,

Lead'st much afraid,
Much pleas'd, the Maid,
(Midst Doubts, and Hopes, and Sighs,)
To the dear Youth,
Who full of Truth
In wild Expectance lies.

[*Nec qui floridulas, &c.*] *Muretus* speaks in the very same Words:

Sanctus Hymen, *qui seductas a matre puellas*
Abripit, inque viri collocat ipse sinu.
Muret. *Eleg.* i.

Blest *Hymen!* you to fonder Youths convey
Maids, whom from Mothers fond you bear away.

But *Catullus* certainly furnished the Thought to both our modern Poets:

Uraniæ *genus,*
Qui rapis teneram ad virum
Virginem.
Catul. *Epithal. Manlii & Juniæ.*

Urania's Child! 'tis thine to bear
To the fond Youth his tender Fair.

Advecta est, serie rotante cæli.

O, FELIX JUVENIS, PUELLA FELIX!

FELIX SPONSE! *cüi cupita flamma*

Jam nunc in geminis quiescet ulnis,

Puella ÆTHERIA *beata* FORMA!

[*Puella* ÆTHERIA *beata* FORMA!] This Line, concisely elegant, expresses more than the most laboured Accuracy could have done.

> What Images shall Eloquence prepare
> To paint a Form so perfect and divine?
>
> LANSDOWNE, *Heroic Love.*

But of all the Pens that ever yet attempted to delineate the several component Parts of personal Beauty, I know of none that has succeeded so happily as the Pen of the descriptive Author of the *Seasons*:

> The faultless Form,
> Shap'd by the Hand of Harmony; the Cheek
> Where the live Crimson, thro' the native White
> Soft-shooting, o'er the Face diffuses Bloom,
> And ev'ry nameless Grace; the parted Lip,
> Like the red Rose-bud, moist with morning-dew,
> Breathing Delight; and, under flowing Jet,
> Or sunny Ringlets, or of circling Brown,
> The Neck slight-shaded, and the swelling Breast;
> The Look resistless, piercing to the Soul,
> And by the Soul inform'd.
>
> THOMSON, *Summer.*

Qualem

O Hour of Bliſs!
To equal this
Olympus ſtrives in vain:
O happy Pair!
O happy Fair!
O happy, happy Swain!

Hail, wedded Boy!
Whoſe only Joy
Soon in thy Arms ſhall reſt;
And Face to Face,
In fond Embrace,
Sink gently on thy Breaſt;

She! who all Day
An Infant lay
Prattling at Beauty's Feet;
Who kiss'd the Child,
And, as it ſmil'd,
Breath'd o'er it ev'ry Sweet;

Breath'd Charms ſo bright,
That at the Sight
Venus ſhrunk back with Awe;
And from her Skies,
With envious Eyes,
Indignant Juno ſaw

Qualem magna VENUS; *velitque* JUNO;
Et quæ casside martia refulget
Sancto vertice procreata, PALLAS;
Si junctæ statuant adire valleis
Umbrosas iterum virentis IDÆ;
Quâ spectanda, vel HÆC, *vel* HÆC, *vel* ILLA,
(*Quovis judicio*) *superba, malum,*

Victrix,

[*Sancto vertice, &c.*] The extraordinary Birth of *Pallas* is well known; thus *Ovid,*

——— *De capitis, fertur, sine matre paterni,*
Vertice cum clypeo prosiluisse suo.

OVID. *Fast. Lib.* iii.

From her great Father's pregnant Brain, 'tis said,
Arm'd like some Warrior, sprang the martial Maid.

[*Virentis* IDÆ.] The Place where *Paris* decided the Preeminence of Beauty between the three contending Goddesses in Favour of *Venus,* according to the Fiction of the ancient Poets, was Mount *Ida,* to which the Epithet *virens* is extremely applicable, *Homer* frequently describing it as beautifully cloathed with Woods. *Valerius Flaccus,* in like Manner, calls it *frondosa Ida. Vide* VAL. FLAC. *Lib.* iv.

[*Quâ spectanda, &c.*] *Propertius,* too, was of Opinion, that only a Form such as his Mistress possessed deserved the Prize of Beauty:

Cedite

A nobler Mien:
E'en WISDOM'S QUEEN
With female Anger glow'd;
And ask'd what Chance,
At each proud Glance,
Such matchless Gifts bestow'd?

Should they all Three
Once more agree
To visit IDA'S Shade,
And should again
The SHEPHERD SWAIN
Be of the Contest made

Cedite jam, Divæ, *quas* Pastor *viderat olim*
Idæis *tunicam ponere verticibus.*
PROPERT. *Lib.* xi. *Eleg.* 2.

Yield, *beauteous Pow'rs!* whom once the *Swain* beheld
On *Ida*'s Brow, with ev'ry Charm reveal'd.

An eminent *English Poet* has the same Thought; but whether borrowed either from *Propertius*, or *Secundus*, I shall not pretend to determine:

A *rural Judge* dispos'd of Beauty's Prize;
A simple *Shepherd* was prefer'd to *Jove*:
Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies,
Came *Juno, Pallas,* and the *Queen of Love,*
To plead for *that,* which was so justly giv'n
To the bright *Carlisle* of the Court of Heav'n.
WALLER. *The Country to my Lady of* Carlisle.

Victrix, aureolum reportet astris.

O, FELIX JUVENIS, PUELLA FELIX!

FELIX SPONSA! *cuï cupitus ardor*
Affusus modò lectulo in beato,
Stringet colla tenacibus lacertis,
Insigni juvenis venustus ore!
Istis qui roseïs tuis labellis,
Istis qui niveïs tuis papillis,
Isto qui rutilante crine tactus,
Isto lumine qui loquace victus,
Jampridem tacito voratur igni:

[*Tacito voratur igni.*] This Expression is exquisitely delicate; and reminds me of an elegant little Copy of Verses, in the Spectator, upon a Gentleman's loving a Lady of superior Rank to himself; in which are the following Lines, beautifully descriptive of respectful, silent Love:

Languish in Secret, and with dumb Surprise
Drink the resistless Glances of her Eyes;
At awful Distance entertain thy Grief,
Be still in Pain, but never ask Relief.

SPECTATOR. *No.* 591.

Lentumque

Sole Judge: no more
To PAPHOS' Bow'r
Wou'd laughing VENUS bear
The Prize away;
No longer ſay,
"I'm FAIREST of the FAIR!"

But with one Choice,
With one loud Voice,
Hers would the Apple be,
In Features, Senſe,
And Elegance,
Who moſt reſembled Thee.

O HOUR of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Hail, HAPPY BRIDE!
Thy Huſband's Pride,
Who ſoon in eager Fold,
The conſcious Bed
With Bluſhes red,
Thy virgin Neck ſhall hold.

Long

Lentumque increpat, uſque & uſque, SOLEM;
Tardamque invocat, uſque & uſque, LUNAM.
O, FELIX JUVENIS, PUELLA FELIX!

Votis, FERVIDE SPONSE, *parce votis;*
Et ſuſpiria mitte, mitte queſtus:
Tempus accelerat ſuâve: Mitis
Exaudit gemitus VENUS *ſuorum:*

[*Lentumque increpat, &c.*] This, and the following Line, admirably expreſs the eager Wiſhes of Love; and are not excelled even by the poetic Strain, in which *Shakeſpeare's Juliet* vents her fond Impatience:

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed Steeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* Manſion; ſuch a Waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the Weſt,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe Curtain, love-performing Night,
That th' Run-away's Eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe Arms, untalkt of and unſeen.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet.*

Condit

Long hath the Fire
Of ſlow Deſire
His early Prime conſum'd;
Marking, as blows
The opening Roſe,
How thy young Beauties bloom'd:

Thy Breaſts of Snow;
Thy Lips that glow
In Health divinely warm;
And thy bright Hair,
With artleſs Care
Whoſe wanton Ringlets charm.

"Ne'er will the SUN
"His Circuit run?"
Impatient of Delay,
He ſighing cries!
"O MOON, ariſe!
"O come, O come away!

"Come, mildly bright,
"Pure Orb of Light!
"To thee ſuch Scenes belong:
"Come, ev'ry STAR!
"And from afar
"Begin the BRIDAL SONG."

Condit CYNTHIUS *ora, condit ora*;
Seque gurgite perluens IBERO
Cedit NOCTI-VAGÆ *locum* SORORI:

[*Seque gurgite, &c.*] *Virgil* too deſcribes Night, by the Sun immerging itſelf into the *Iberian* Sea:

Continuo pugnas ineant, & prælia tentent;
Ni roſeus feſſos jam gurgite Phœbus Ibero
Tingat equos, noctemque die labente reducat:
Conſidunt caſtris ante urbem, & mœnia vallant.
VIRG. *Æneid. Lib.* xi.

Soon had the Heroes join'd the horrid Fight;
But now the *Sun* roll'd down the rapid Light;
And plung'd, beneath the red *Iberian* Sea,
The panting Steeds that drew the burning Day.
Before the City camp th' impatient Pow'rs;
Theſe to defend, and Thoſe to ſtorm the Tow'rs.
PITT.

[*Cedit* NOCTI-VAGÆ, *&c.*] This Paſſage is likewiſe a very evident Imitation from *Virgil*:

Jamque dies cælo conceſſerat, almaque curru
Noctivago Phœbe *medium pulſabat Olympum.*
VIRG. *Æneid. Lib.* x.

Now Day forſook the Skies, and high in Air
Bland *Phœbe* ſped her nightly-wand'ring Car.

Et,

O HOUR of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Ceaſe, ceaſe thy Fears,
Thy Vows, thy Tears,
O, FERVENT BRIDEGROOM! ceaſe;
Soon ſhall thy Heart,
No more to part,
Reſume its long-loſt Peace.

Soon from her Throne
Of Cygnet's Down,
With many a Chaplet gay,
LOVE's conſtant Friend!
Shall VENUS bend,
And chide the ling'ring Day.

She chides;——and ſee!
The burning SEA
Its radiant GOD receives:
Faintly he gleams,
And his ſhorn Beams
In bluſhing Billows laves.

Et, quo gratior haud relucet IGNIS
Conjunctis animis AMORE *dulci,*
Producit caput, emicatque cælo
Ductor HESPERUS *aureæ catervæ.*
O, FELIX JUVENIS, PUELLA FELIX!

[*Et, quo gratior, &c.*] *Catullus*, in like Manner, mentions the Star of Evening as grateful to Love:

> Hefpere, *qui cælo lucet jucundior ignis,*
> *Qui defponfa tuâ firmes connubia flamma?*
>
> CATULL. *Carm. Nupt.*

> What Light in Heav'n than *Hefper* fhines more fweet,
> Whofe Ray confirms the nuptial Blifs compleat?

[*Ductor* HESPERUS, *&c.*] The Imagery contained in this Line feems to have been copied by an old *Englifh Bard*:

> Did you not erft behold
> How *Hefperus* above yon Clouds appear'd,
> *Hefperus* leading forth his beauteous Heard?
>
> RANDOLPH. *An Eclogue to Mr. Johnfon.*

Milton too has a fimilar Expreffion, in thefe beautifully-defcriptive Lines:

> Hefperus, *that led*
> *The ftary Hoft*, rode brighteft, till the Moon,
> Rifing in clouded Majefty, at length
> Apparent Queen unveil'd her peerlefs Light,
> And o'er the Dark her filver Mantle threw.
>
> MILTON. *Parad. Loft*, *Book* iv.

Jam

See, in her Hand
And ebon Wand,
How his lov'd SISTER guides
Her ſilver Car,
Sweet WANDERER!
Climbing Heav'n's cryſtal Sides.

Mark, too, that STAR,
To VIRGINS dear,
HESPER! with glitt'ring Head:
Who loves his Train
O'er the blue Plain
In golden Ranks to lead.

O HOUR of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Now ſhall the MAID
At length be laid
A rich, unſpotted Prize;
Now, YOUTH, beware,
Be thine the Care,
That ſhe no Maid ariſe.

Now,

Jam VIRGO *thalamum subibit; unde*
Ne VIRGO *redeat*, MARITE, *cura.*
Jam VIRGO *nivëis locata fulcris*
Adventum cupiet tuum, tremetque;
Persusa ingenuo rubore mâlas:
Forsan & lachrymis genæ madebunt,
Et suspiria fundet, & querelas:
At tu nil remoratus, & querelas,
Et suspiria, lachrymasque tolles;

Abstergens

[*Perfusa ingenuo, &c.*] Thus *Bonefonius* expresses the Blush of Modesty:

Et mox virgineo pudore leves
Interfusa genas, et ora casto
Spargens molliter imbre lachrymarum,
Tota, inquit, &c.

BONEFON.

Her looks grow quiet and serene,
Her virgin Modesty appears
In her fair Face; hail, brightest Scene!
Hence fly my vain deluding Fears!
Now pearly Drops flow gently down her Cheeks,
From Chastity they flow, and thus her Silence breaks.

ANONYM.

Prior,

Now, plac'd in Bed,
With unfeign'd Red
Her beauteous Face ſhall glow;
Now ſhall ſhe fear
Thy Tread to hear,
And hope, and wiſh it now.

Perhaps a Tear,
As Cryſtal clear,
In trickling Haſte may flow;
Perhaps with Sighs
Your heart ſhe tries,
Or murm'ring vents her Woe.

Prior, in a Style not inferior to that of *Secundus*, has drawn a very happy Picture of a beautiful young Girl bluſhing in Bed:

Her bluſhing Face the lovely Maid
Rais'd juſt above the milk-white Sheet:
A Roſe-tree in a Lilly Bed
Nor glows ſo red, nor breathes ſo ſweet.
PRIOR. *The Dove.*

[*At tu nil remoratus, &c.*] For, as *Artaxerxes* tells his *Ameſtris*, in the Language of *Rowe*,

Theſe are the Fears which wait on every Bride,
And only ſerve for Preludes to her Joys;
Short Sighs, and all thoſe Motions of thy Heart,
Are Nature's Call, and kindle warm deſires.
ROWE. *Ambitious Step-Mother.*

Abstergens oculos tuo ore; dulce
Murmur pro querimoniis reponens.
O, FELIX JUVENIS, PUELLA FELIX!

Ergo, membra ubi VIRGINIS *decoræ*
FELIX *candida* LECTULUS *fovebit,*
(Membra languidulo parata somno!)
Et molli quoque te toro locatum,
Supra purpureos, beata, reges,
Supra constituet JOVEM, DIONE:

[*Supra constituet, &c.*] *Bonefonius* here again imitates *Secundus:*

Superi, *tenete cælum,*
Vestram numina possidete sortem;
Dum te teneam, alma Pancharilla,
Dum te possideam; nec ipse cælum,
Nec vestram, Superi, *invidebo sortem.*

BONEFON.

Now, ye *superior Powers* blest,
From Envy free enjoy your State;
Jove! of thy Thunder live posseſt;
Since I'm as happy, and as great:
Let me this little *Empire* long retain;
Ye *Gods!* your Heavens keep, Monarchs unenvied reign.

ANONYM.

Mox

But mind not Thou
The Tears that flow,
Mind not the piteous Sigh;
Soft-ſoothing ſpeak,
And her wet Cheek
Wipe with thy KISSES dry.

O HOUR of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Thus when ſupine
With Limbs divine
She prints the NUPTIAL BED;
And, like a Flow'r
With haſty Show'r
O'ercome, her VIRGIN Head

Hangs down in Shame;
When o'er her Frame
Soft Languors gently creep;
And the clos'd Eye,
Unknowing why,
Attempts in vain to ſleep;

Mox te blandidicis parare rixis,

Mox te molliculæ parare pugnæ,

Motus occipies calore justo:

Belli prospera signa non cruenti

Figens mille protervus hic et illic,

Collo BASIA *multa, multa mâlis;*

Labris BASIA *plura, plura ocellis:*

Repugnabit; & "IMPROBUM" *vocabit;*

Et

[*Repugnabit,* & "IMPROBUM" *vocabit.*] It is evident, from this Passage, that *Secundus* had *Ovid* for his amorous Instructor:

Pugnabit primo fortassis, et "Imbrobe" *dicet;*
Pugnando vinci sed tamen illa volet.

OVID. *Art. Amat. Lib.* i.

Struggling, perhaps she'll cry, "*nay, don't be rude;*"
Yet, in her Struggles, hopes to be subdued.

Tibullus too, who was perhaps equally well versed in Love, advances the same Doctrine:

Tunc tibi mitis erit: rapias tunc cara licebit
Oscula; *pugnabit, sed tamen apta dabit.*
Rapta dabit primo: mox adferet ipse roganti.
Post etiam collo se implicuisse volet.

TIBULL. *Eleg.* 4. *Lib. i.*

Occasion

When at the Side
Of thy dear Bride
Thou lieſt, DIONE's Care!
Happier in Love
Than am'rous JOVE,
Than Monarchs happier far!

Then, in full Tides
Whilſt Vigour glides
Trembling thro' ev'ry Vein,
Begin the Fight
Of fierce Delight,
Of Pleaſure mixt with Pain.

Then, let the KISS
O humid Bliſs
O'er her ſweet Body fly;
O'er her warm Cheek,
Her Eyes, her Neck,
And Lips of luſcious Dye.

Occaſion ſmiles, than ſnatch an ardent *Kiſs*;
The Coy may ſtruggle, but will grant the Bliſs:
The Bliſs obtain'd, the fictious Struggle paſt;
Unbid, they'll claſp you in their Arms at laſt.
GRAINGER.

Et dicet, "SATIS EST," *tremente voce;*
Arcebitque manu proterva labra;
Propelletque manu manum protervam.
O, NOCTEM TER, ET AMPLIUS, BEATAM!

Pugnet, STRENUA; *pugnet,* ILLA: *pasci*
Pugnando teneri volunt AMORES;
Pugnando tibi duplicatus ardor
Vireis sufficet novas in arma.

[*Pasci pugnando teneri, &c.*] *Muretus* has expressed this Idea nearly in the same Words:

Sic age pugnando teneri pascuntur Amores.
MURET. *Epig.*

Then let sweet Conflicts feed the tender *Loves.*

But the Thought, perhaps, originally belonged to a more ancient Author than *Secundus,* or *Muretus:*

Unguibus, et morsu teneri pascuntur Amores.
CORN. GALL. *Eleg.* iii.

Each painless Scratch, each am'rous Bite improves
The poignant Bliss, and fosters the young *Loves.*

Tunc

Oft shalt she cry,
"O CRUEL, FY!"
Oft weeping, say, "FORBEAR!"
Oft shall her Hand
Your Lips withstand;
Oft meet you, you know where.

O NIGHT of Bliss!
To equal this
OLYMPUS strives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Much, in Defence
Of Innocence,
Of Virtue's nicest Laws,
Will the DEAR MAID
Affrighted plead,
And urge a Moment's Pause.

In vain she strives;
Enjoyment lives
On such endear'd Delays:
And the wild Fire
Of fierce Desire,
Oppos'd, the wilder plays.

Tunc per candida colla, tunc per illud
Quod certat ebori nitore pectus,
Nunc per crura tenella, perque ventrem,
Et QUÆ PROXIMA SUNT *& huic & illis,*
Saltu volve agili manum ſalacem:
Et tot millia junge BASIORUM
Quot cœlum rutilos tenebit igneis.
O, NOCTEM, QUATER ET QUATER, BEATAM!

[*Saltu volve, &c.*] Thus *Boneſonius:*
Nunc ſaltu volucri inſilire collo,
Nunc candente genas notare dente,
Nunc errare manu licentiore
Illa per femora, illa perpolita,
Illa marmoreo ſuperba luxu,
Quibus janitor excubat Cupido,
Et ſacram Veneris *tuetur* arcem.

BONEFON.

Sometimes I kiſs her ſnowy Neck,
In Raptures rove from Grace to Grace;
Then gently mark her roſy Cheek;
At laſt her Thighs I freely trace;
Thighs ſmooth as Marble, white as Snows that fall!
Where *Cupid* Centry ſtands, to guard his *Mother*'s *All.*

ANONYM.

Nec

Hence, proud in Arms,
O'er her rich Charms
With nimbleſt Strength you move;
Hence, bolder grown,
To the great THRONE
Of LOVE inſatiate rove.

What vaſt Exceſs
Of Happineſs,
In Show'rs of KISSES veil'd,
When her ſoft Cries
In ſofter Sighs
You drown, and win the Field!

O NIGHT of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR!
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Not but he'll ſpeak
In Accents meek,
Pleading his Tale of Love;
Soft! as when plays
The ſilken Breeze,
That wakes the whiſp'ring Grove;

Soft!

Nec desint tibi blandulæque voces;
Et quæcunque juvant perita verba;
Nec cum murmure sibili suâves,
Qualeis dant zephyro sonante blandùm
Frondes, quale columba, quale cygnus
Annosus moriente spirat ore:
Donec victa potentibus sagittis,

Et

[*Quale cygnus, &c.*] The Swan is fabled to sing very harmoniously as it approaches towards its End; *Martial* has the following Epigram upon it:

Dulcia defectâ modulatur carmina linguâ
Cantator Cygnus *funeris ipse sui.*

MART. *Epig.* 77. *Lib.* xiii.

The *Swan*, melodious with its latest Breath,
Sings its own Dirge; and singing welcomes Death.

Thus too *Shakespeare*:

I am the Cygnet to this pale, faint *Swan*,
Who chaunts a doleful Hymn to his own Death.

SHAKESP. *King John*..

But it is not altogether clear whence this Fiction had its Origin; most probably from the Story of *Cycnus*, who, as *Ovid* tells us in the second Book of his *Metamorphoses*, was converted into a Swan, while he mourned the Loss of his Friend *Phaeton*. *Virgil* makes elegant Mention of this Transformation:

Namque

Soft! as when coos
The Dove, that woos
His Mate in vernal Bow'rs;
Or, with ſweet Throat,
When her laſt Note
The Swan expiring pours.

Till, vanquiſh'd quite
In the fond Fight,
O'ercome by CUPID's Dart;
She lends her Ear
In bluſhing Fear,
And yields her virgin Heart:

Namque ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaëtontis *amati,*
Populeas inter frondes umbramque ſororum
Dum canit, et mœſtum muſa ſolatur amorem:
Canentem molli pluma duxiſſe ſenectam,
Linquentem terras, et ſidera voce ſequentem.
VIRG. *Æneid. Lib.* x.

'Tis ſaid, as *Cycnus*, in the poplar Grove,
Wept fallen *Phaeton*, with friendly Love,
Beneath his Siſters' Shade; and with thoſe Strains
The Muſe inſpir'd reliev'd his heart-felt Pains;
He found a ſudden Age his Limbs ſurpriſe,
O'er all his Frame a ſnowy Plumage riſe,
Till to a Swan transform'd, ſinging, he ſoar'd the Skies.

Umbramque ſororem alludes to the Siſters of *Phaeton*, who were changed into Poplars. *Vide* OVID. *Metamorph. Lib.* ii.

Till

Et cæco PUERI VOLANTIS *igne,*

Paulatim, minùs & minùs ſevera,

Ponet purpureum toro pudorem;

Collum in brachia nexuoſa dedens,

Collo brachia nexuoſa ſtringens.

O, NOCTEM QUATER, O, QUATER BEATAM!

Tunc, tunc OSCULA *delicata ſumes,*

Nullis contemerata quæ rapinis

Hærebunt vario morata nexu.

[*Paulatim minùs, &c.*] *Armſtrong* in like Manner repreſents the yielding Maid:

Perhaps when you attempt
The ſweet Admiſſion, toyful ſhe reſiſts
With ſhy Reluctance; nathleſs you purſue
The ſoft Attack, and warmly puſh the War,
Till, quite o'erpower'd with Love, the melting Maid
Faintly oppoſes.

ARMSTRONG. *Oeconomy of Love.*

[*Vario morata nexu.*] Imitated from *Propertius:*

Quantum
Oſcula *ſunt labris noſtra morata tuis!*

PROPERT. *Eleg.* 15. *Lib.* ii.

Oh, how my *Kiſſes* linger on thy Lips!

Till, that ſhe lies
All bare, and cries
" Sweet, lovely Murd'rer, come!"
Expands her Arms,
Unfolds her Charms,
And panting waits her Doom.

O Night of Bliſs!
To equal this
Olympus ſtrives in vain:
O happy Pair!
O happy Fair!
O happy, happy Swain!

Then ſhall thy Lip,
Delighted, ſip
The Dew of nectar'd Bliſs;
Then ſhall thy Soul,
Without Controul,
Enjoy the ling'ring Kiss.

Then thy rich Smiles,
And wanton Wiles,
As wanton ſhe'll return;
With Raptures ſweet
Thy Raptures meet;
And, as thou burneſt, burn.

Then

Tunc lusus simileis, pareisque VIRGO
Reddet delicias; & os hiulcum
Jampridem patulo licenter ori
Committens, animæ libidinoso
Fragrantis cupidum beabit haustu:
Mox lusu quoque molliore ludens,
Dicet blanditias suâviores;
Emittet digitos licentiores;
Finget nequitiam salaciorem.
O, NOCTEM, NIMIS ET NIMIS, BEATAM!

Tunc

[*Dicet blanditias, &c.*] *Bonefonius* copies this Passage almost *verbatim.*

Uterque
Fingit blanditias proterviores,
Facit nequitias salaciores,
Omnes Cypridis *induit figuras,*
Donec corpora misceo furore
In unum coëunt amica corpus.

BONEFON.

Our

Then close to thine
Her Mouth ſhall join,
Sucking voluptuous Breath;
Till, in one Sigh
Of Extaſy,
Both touch the Verge of Death:

Till that, more gay
In am'rous Play,
The genial Couch ſhe ſhakes:
Warm, livelier Sports
Inventive courts;
And what ſhe wiſhes ſpeaks.

O NIGHT of Bliſs!
To equal this
OLYMPUS ſtrives in vain:
O HAPPY PAIR;
O HAPPY FAIR!
O HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

Our Souls their former Joys renew,
We raiſe new Sport and wanton Jeſting;
Our Eyes each other's Charms review,
In ev'ry Form of *Love* conteſting:
At laſt our Bodies, warm'd with mutual Fire,
To prove each other's Aid, to join in one conſpire.

ANONYM.

Then,

Tunc ARMA *expedienda; tunc* "AD ARMA"
Et VENUS *vocat, et vocat* CUPIDO:
Tunc in vulnera grata proruendum.
Huc, illuc agilis feratur HASTA;
Quam crebro furibunda verſet ictu
Non MARTIS SOROR, *aſt* AMICA MARTIS,

Semper

[*Et vocat* CUPIDO.] *Secundus* is not the only Author who has made a Warrior of the *God Cupid*; for thus Mr. *Charles Hopkins*, in his Poem entitled *The Hiſtory of Love*:

Believe me, *Delia*, Lovers have their Wars;
And *Cupid* has his Camp, as well as *Mars*.

HOPKINS.

[*Non* MARTIS SOROR.] *Bellona*, the Goddeſs of War, is here alluded to; though ſome Writers affirm that ſhe was not the Siſter, but the Wife, of *Mars*; others that ſhe was only his companion, and Attendant. Be this as it may, ſhe is frequently deſcribed as his Charioteer, and the Poets in general repreſent her with a bloody Whip in her Hand; thus *Virgil* mentions her Figure, as emboſſed on the Shield of *Æneas*:

Et ſciſſâ gaudens vadit Diſcordia *pallâ*,
Quam cum ſanguineo ſequitur Bellona *flagello*.

VIRG. *Æneid. Lib.* viii.

There *Diſcord* ſtalk'd, all rent the Garb ſhe wore;
Bellona next, with Scourge deep-dyed in Gore.

Thus,

Then, then, "To Arms!"
The Queen of Charms;
"To Arms!" young Cupid cries:
They hear, obey,
And urge the Fray
Of ſweet, contentious Joys.

She pants, ſhe bleeds;
The Youth ſucceeds;
More cloſe they now engage:
While, here and there,
Love's nimble Spear,
Quick-darting, fires their Rage.

That wond'rous Spear,
Great God of War!
Which not thy Sister guides;
But one more dear,
Thy Mistress fair!
Who at theſe Sports preſides;

Lucan too gives a ſimilar Picture of her:

Sanguineum veluti quatiens Bellona *flagellum.*
Lucan. *Pharſal. Lib.* vii.

As when her blood-ſtain'd Laſh *Bellona* ſhakes.

It is hardly neceſſary to remark, that *Venus* is underſtood by *Amica Martis.*

Semper læta NOVO CRUORE, CYPRIS.
Nec quies lateri laborioso
Detur, mobilibus nec ulla coxis:
Donec deficiente voce anhelâ,
Donec deficientibus medullis,
Membris languidulis, madens uterque
Sudabit varii liquoris undas.
O, NOCTEM NIMIS, O, NIMIS, BEATAM!

[*Sudabit varii, &c.*] Thus again *Bonefonius:*

Hæc nos prælia militamus inter
Sudores varios anhelitusque,
Dum fessa Venere *artubusque tritis;*
Et jam deficientibus medullis,
Et jam deficiente corde anhelo,
Cogor languidulos inire somnos.

BONEFON.

Tir'd with War,
A gentle Sweat our Limbs bedews:
Panting, we long engag'd; but at the last
Love flags, our Spirits droop, the *happy Moment*'s past.

ANONYM.

Sudate

Who, in ſuch Fights
Well-pleas'd, delights
The rending wound to ſpy;
Who loves to ſee
Coy Chastity
A bleeding Victim lie.

Mark, with what Heat
They ſtruggling meet!
How ev'ry Limb's employed!
Till at the laſt,
Conſuming faſt,
Enjoying, and enjoy'd,

They gaſp for Breath:
A Moment's Death
Th' enervate Body knows;
While, on each Side,
Love's various Tide
In Streams of Pleaſure flows.

O Night of Bliſs!
To equal this
Olympus ſtrives in vain:
O happy Pair!
O happy Fair!
O happy, happy Swain!

Sudate ut libet; & diésque longas,

Nocteisque exigite impotente lusu:

Et brevi date liberosque dulceis,

Et longo ordine blandulos nepotes;

Quæ

[*Sudate ut libet; &c.*] Such is the Wish with which *Catullus* concludes his *Epithalamium:*

Ludite ut libet, et brevi
Liberos date.
CATUL. *Epithal. Manlii & Juniæ.*

Oh, still pursue your Sports of Love;
And may those Sports soon fruitful prove!

Which Passage seems to have been copied also by the old *English* Poet *Randolph:*

Thence may there spring many a Pa'ir
Of Sons and Daughters strong and fair:
How soon the Gods have heard my Prair!
RANDOLPH. *An Epithalamium.*

But no *Bard* ever concluded a *bridal Poem* with so elegant a complimentary Wish as *Martial*, in his little *Epigram* on the Marriage of *Pudens* and *Claudia:*

Candida perpetuo reside, Concordia, *lecto*,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus *æqua jugo.*
Diligat illa senem quondam: sed et ipsa marito,
Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.
MARTIAL, *Epig.* 13. *Lib.* iv.

Reſt, take your Eaſe:
May Sports like theſe,
With many a conſcious Moon,
Be oft renew'd;
As oft be viewed
By many a bluſhing Sun!

And, O BLEST PAIR!
May Offsprings dear
Soon crown your fond Embrace;
Soon may there riſe,
To glad your eyes,
A long, and beauteous Race!

Whoſe Converſe gay
Will chaſe away
Each heart-conſuming Care;
Whoſe infant Smile
Thoſe Pains beguile,
Thoſe Pains you're doom'd to bear!

O, may bland *Concord* ever guard their Bed,
Long on the Pair her Gifts may *Venus* ſhed!
O'er his white Head when Age has ſhower'd its Snow,
Still may her Breaſt with wonted Paſſion glow;
And may ſhe ſeem, when blooming Beauty flies,
Still young and lovely in her Huſband's Eyes!

Quæ vobis ſenii minuta turba

Olim ſollicitos levabit annos,

Arcebit querulos toro dolores,

Languentum tremulos fovebit artus,

Componet tumulo pios parentes.

O, FELIX JUVENIS, PUELLA FELIX!

[*Olim ſollicitos levabit, &c.*] Theſe laſt ſad Offices, due from Children to their aged Parents, are beautifully expreſſed by thoſe Lines, which the Author of a celebrated modern Tragedy puts into the Mouth of the affectionate *Euphraſia:*

The Taſk be mine
To tend a Father with delighted Care,
To ſmooth the Pillow of declining Age,
See him ſink gradual into mere Decay,
On the laſt Verge of Life watch ev'ry Look,
Explore each fond unutterable Wiſh,
Catch his laſt Breath, and cloſe his Eyes in Peace.

MURPHY'*s Grecian Daughter.*

And, when Old-Age
Life's whiteſt Page
Shall from your Sight remove,
Who on your Bier
Will drop a Tear,
The Tear of filial Love!

Reſt, take your Eaſe;
For Sports like theſe
New Strength, new Ardour gain:
Reſt, HAPPY PAIR!
Reſt, HAPPY FAIR!
Reſt, HAPPY, HAPPY SWAIN!

FRAGMENTS.

Fragmenta & Poëmata

QUÆDAM,

IN

BASIUM.

---

*FRAGMENTUM**.

Ad LYDIAM.

Lydia, bella puella, *candida;*
Quæ benè ſuperas lac et lilium,
Albamque ſimul roſam rubidam,
Aut expolitum ebur indicum.
Pande, puella, *pande capillulos*
Flavos, lucentes ut aurum nitidum:

* This little Fragment is found among thoſe Pieces of *Cornelius Gallus*, which are perhaps more juſtly attributed to a different Poet, *Maximianus Gallus*.

Pande,

SOME

Fragments and Poetical Pieces,

ON THE

KISS.

A FRAGMENT.

To *LYDIA*.

LOVELY LYDIA, lovely MAID!
Either Rose in Thee's displayed;
Roses of a blushing Red
O'er thy Lips, and Cheeks are shed;
Roses of a paly Hue
In thy fairer Charms we view.
Now thy braided Hair unbind;
Now, luxuriant, unconfin'd,
Let thy wavy Tresses flow;
Tresses bright, of burnish'd Glow!

Bare

Pande, PUELLA, *collum candidum,*
Productum benè candidis humeris:
Pande, PUELLA, *ſtellatos oculos;*
Flexaque ſuper nigra cilia:
Pande, PUELLA, *geneas roſeas,*
Perfuſas rubro purpureæ TYRIÆ.
Porrige labra, labra corallina;
Da columbatim mitia BASIA:
Sugis amentis partem animi:
Cor mihi penetrant hæc tua BASIA.
Quid mihi ſugis vivum ſanguinem?
Conde papillas, conde gemi-pomas,
Compreſſo lacte quæ modò pullulant:

[*Conde papillas, &c.*] I know not whether theſe Latin Lines might furniſh the Hint of the following little *Sonnet*, which certainly breathes the ſame ſoft Spirit of amorous Satiety:

Take, O, take thoſe Lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe Eyes, the Break of Day,
Lights that do miſlead the Morn;
But my *Kiſſes* bring again,
Seals of Love, but ſeal'd in vain?

Hide, O, hide thoſe Hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Boſom bears;
On whoſe Tops the Pinks, that grow,
Are of thoſe that April wears;
But my poor Heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy Chains by Thee!

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S *Bloody Brother.*

Bare thy iv'ry Neck, MY FAIR!
Now thy ſnowy Shoulders bare:
Bid the vivid Luſtre riſe
In thy paſſion-ſtreaming Eyes;
See, the lucent Meteors gleam!
See, they ſpeak the wiſhful Flame!
And how gracefully above,
Modell'd from the Bow of LOVE,
Are thy arching Brows diſplay'd,
Soft'ning in a ſable Shade!
Let a warmer Crimſon ſtreak
The Velvet of thy downy Cheek:
Let thy Lips, that breathe Perfume,
Deeper Purple now aſſume:
Give me little billing KISSES,
Intermixt with murm'ring Bliſſes.
Soft, MY LOVE!—MY ANGEL, ſtay!—
Soft!—you ſuck my Breath away,
Drink the Life-drops of my Heart,
Draw my Soul from ev'ry Part;
Scarce my Senſes can ſuſtain
So much Pleaſure, ſo much Pain!
Hide thy broad, voluptuous Breaſt!
Hide that balmy Heav'n of Reſt!
See, to feaſt th' enamour'd Eyes,
How the ſnowy Hillocks riſe!
Parted by the luſcious Vale,
Whence luxurious Sweets exhale:
Nature fram'd thee but t' inſpire
Never-ending, fond Deſire!

Sinus expanſa profert cinnama;
Undique ſurgunt ex te deliciæ.
Conde papillas, quæ me ſauciant
Candore, et luxu nivei pectoris.
SÆVA, *non cernis quod ego langueo?*
Sic me deſtituis jam ſemi-mortuum?

Again,

Again, above its envious Veſt,
See, thy Boſom heaves confeſt!
Hide the rapt'rous, dear Delight!
Hide it from my raviſh'd Sight!
Hide it!—for thro' all my Soul
Tides of madd'ning Tranſport roll:
Venting now th' impaſſion'd Sigh,
See me languiſh, ſee me die!
Tear not from me then thy Charms!
Snatch, oh, ſnatch me to thy Arms!
With a life-inſpiring Kiss,
Wake my ſinking Soul to Bliſs!

In LESBIAM.

Dum me BASIOLO *fovet ſalaci,*
Et crebro petit excitatque morſu
Illa LESBIA, *quæ tenelli* AMORIS
Bellè ſurripuit faces et arcum ;
Imis ardeo totis in medullis,
Et ſecreta calor per oſſa currit.
Non tot aſtra polo nitent ſereno,
Non tot vinea fulgurat racemis,
Quot me deliciæ cupidineſque
Accenſum exacuunt beatulumque.
Sed mî, LESBIA, *fare,* AMICA, *quid me*
Tantum BASIOLO *foves ſalaci ;*
Et crebro petis excitaſque morſu ?
Te dulci liceat tenere lecto,
Te ſtrictis liceat tenere in ulnis,
Blando deficientem AMORIS *æſtu ;*
Quin ſi deficias AMORIS *æſtu,*
MORS *tibi hoc pretio placebit herclè !*

POET. RUSTIC. LITTERA. OTI.

On *LESBIA.*

WHEN beauteous LESBIA fires my melting Soul,
(SHE, who the Torch and Bow from CUPID ſtole,)
By many a Smile, by many an ardent KISS;
And with her Teeth imprints the tell-tale Bliſs:
Thro' all my Frame the madding Tranſport glows,
Thro' ev'ry Vein the Tide of Rapture flows.
As many Stars as o'er Heaven's Concave ſhine,
Or Cluſters as adorn the fruitful Vine;
So many Blandiſhments, voluptuous Joys,
T' inflame my Breaſt, the wily MAID employs.
But, deareſt LESBIA! gentle MISTRESS! ſay,
Why thus d'ye wound my Lips in am'rous Play?
With KISSES, Smiles, and ev'ry wanton Art,
Why raiſe the burning Fever of my Heart?
Let us, MY LOVE! on yon ſoft Couch reclin'd,
Each other's Arms around each other twin'd,
Yield to the pleaſing Force of ſtrong Deſire;
And, panting, ſtruggling, both at once expire!
For, oh, MY LESBIA! ſure that DEATH is ſweet,
Which Lovers in the fond Contention meet!

BONEFONII *BASIUM XVI.*

DONEC preſſiùs incubo labellis,
Et diduco avidus tuæ, PUELLA,
Floſculos animæ ſuavè-olentes ;
Unus tum videor mihi deorum,
Seu quid altiùs eſt beatiùſve.

Mox ut te eripis, ecce, ego repentè ;
Unus qui ſuperûm mihi videbar,
Seu quid altiùs eſt beatiùſve ;
ORCI *mî videor relatus umbris,*
Seu quid inferiùſve triſtiùſve.

KISS XVI. of *BONEFONIUS*.

CLASP'D, sweet Maid! in thy Embrace;
While I view thy ſmiling Face,
And the Sweets with Rapture ſip,
Flowing from thy honied Lip;
Then I taſte, in heav'nly State,
All that's happy, all that's great:

But, when you forſake my Arms,
And Diſpleaſure clouds your Charms;
Sudden I, who prov'd ſo late
All that's happy, all that's great,
Prove the Tortures of a Ghoſt,
Wand'ring on the Stygian Coaſt.

VENERIS *LUSUS.*

EFFINXIT quondam, blandum meditata laborem,
BASIA *lascivâ* CYPRIA DIVA *manu:*

AMBROSIÆ *succos occultâ temperat arte,*
Fragransque infuso NECTARE *tingit opus;*

Sufficit et partem MELLIS, *quod subdolus olim*
Non impunè favis surripuisset AMOR*;

Decussos VIOLÆ *foliis admiscet odores,*
Et spolia æstivis plurima rapta ROSIS;

Addit et ILLECEBRAS, *et mille et mille* LEPORES,
Et quot ACIDALIÆ GAUDIA *cestus habet:*

Ex his composuit DEA BASIA; *et omnia libans,*
Invenias nitidæ sparsa per ora CHLOES.

* See the nineteenth *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*, to which this alludes.

The PASTIME of *VENUS.*

INTENT to frame ſome new Deſign of Bliſs,
The wanton CYPRIAN QUEEN compos'd a KISS:
An ample Portion of AMBROSIAL JUICE
With myſtic ſkill ſhe temper'd firſt for Uſe;
This done, her infant Work was well bedew'd
With choiceſt NECTAR; and o'er all ſhe ſtrew'd
Part of the HONEY which ſly CUPID ſtole,
Much to his Coſt, and blended with the Whole;
Then, that ſoft Scent which from the VI'LET flows
She mixt, with Spoils of many a vernal ROSE;
Each gentle BLANDISHMENT in Love we find,
Each graceful winning GESTURE next ſhe join'd;
And all thoſe JOYS that in her Zone abound
Made up the KISS, and the rich Labour crown'd.
Conſid'ring now what beauteous Nymph might prove
Worthy the Gift, and worthy of her Love;
She fixt on CHLOE, as her fav'rite Maid;
To whom the GODDESS ſweetly-ſmiling ſaid:
" Take this, MY FAIR! to perfect ev'ry Grace;
" And on thy Lips the FRAGRANT BLESSING place."

BACIAMENTO RECIPROCO.

Ben è soave cosa
Quel BACIO, *che si prende*
Da una vermiglia, e delicata rosa
Di bella guancia, e pur chi 'l vero intende,
Com' intendete voi
Auventurosi AMANTI, *che 'l provate;*
Dirà, che quello è morto BACIO, *à cui*
La BACIATA *beltà* BACIO *non rende.*
Ma i colpi di due labbra innamorate,
Quando à ferir si và bocca con bocca,
E che in un punto scocca
AMOR *con soavissima vendetta*
L'una, e l' altra saetta;
Son veri BACI: *ove con giuste voglie*
Tanto si dona altrui, quanto si toglie.

MUTUAL KISSING.

WHEN o'er the virgin Cheek we meet
  Health's tender-blooming Roſes ſpread:
To KISS thoſe Roſes may be ſweet,
  To KISS them on their native Bed!

Full well experienc'd LOVERS know,
  And chief the Few who bliſsful burn,
That Kiss is lifeleſs we beſtow
  On Charms that yield no kind Return:

But ſure thoſe KISSES breathe Delight,
  Where Love the ſweetly-vengeful Dart
Exchanges, while fond Lips unite,
  Lips echoing-ſoft as KISSES part!

When one warm Wiſh enflames the Pair,
  Not leſs endearing KISSES prove;
Each gives, each takes an equal Share;
  Sweet Interchange of ſweeteſt Love!

BACI *pur bocca curiosa, e scaltra*
O seno, ò fronte, ò mano; unqua non sia
Che parte alcuna in bella donna BACI,
Che BACIATRICE *sia*
Se non la bocca, ove l'un' alma, e l' altra
Corre, e si BACIA *anch' ella, e con vivaci*
Spiriti pellegrini
Dà vita al bel tesoro
De' BACIANTI *rubini:*
Sì che parlan trà loro
Quegli animati, & spiritosi BACI,
Gran cose in picciol suono,
E segreti dolcissimi, che sono
A lor solo palesi, altrui celati.
Tal giöia amando prova; anzi tal vita,
Alma con alma unita:
E son come d'amor BACI BACIATI
Gli incontri di duo cori amanti amati.

GUARINI. *Pastor Fido. Atto* 2.

Kiss the dear Lip, the ſwelling Breaſt,
The ſnow-white Hand, the Forehead KISS;
'Tis by the Lip the Joy's expreſt,
'Tis the kind Lip repays the Bliſs.

When Lovers' Lips in Tranſport join,
Their Souls to ſhare that Tranſport fly;
And, as their mingling Breaths combine,
The purple Gems with Life ſupply:

Then each inſpired Kiss imparts,
In Sounds half-utter'd, half-ſuppreſt,
The tender Secrets of their Hearts,
Secrets to Lips alone confeſt!

Where Soul is thus with Soul entwin'd,
The living Rapture is improv'd;
'Tis Rapture of the ſweeteſt Kind,
To KISS when KISS'D, to love when lov'd!

D'un BACIO.

UN BACIO *ſolo à tante pene,* CRUDA?
Un BACIO *à tanta fede?*
La promeſſa mercede
Non ſi paga, BACIANDO: *il* BACIO *è ſegno*
Di futuro diletto;
E par, che dica anch' egli, i' ti prometto
Con ſi ſoave pegno:
In tanto hor godi, e taci,
Che ſon d'amor mute promeſſe i BACI.

Theſe Italian Lines, which, as well as the foregoing, are from *Guarini*, ſeem to have been imitated rather happily by *Randolph:*

Are *Kiſſes* all? they but fore-run
Another Duty to be done.
What would you of that Minſtrel ſay
That tunes his Pipes and will not play?
Say what are Bloſſoms in their Prime,
That ripen not in Harveſt-time?
Or what are Buds that ne'er diſcloſe
The long'd-for Sweetneſs of the Roſe?
So *Kiſſes* to a Lover's Gueſt
Are Invitations, not the Feaſt.

RANDOLPH. *A paſtoral Courtſhip.*

On a KISS.

AH! canſt thou, CRUEL NYMPH! ſuppoſe
One KISS rewards thy am'rous Youth;
Enough rewards his tender Woes;
His long, long Conſtancy; and Truth?

Think not thy promis'd Kindneſs paid
By ſimple KISSING;—for the KISS
Is but an Earneſt, BEAUTEOUS MAID!
Of more ſubſtantial, future Bliſs:

Sweet KISSES only were deſign'd
Our warmer Raptures to improve;
KISSES were meant ſoft Vows to bind,
Were ſilent Pledges meant of Love.

AMORE *FUGGITIVO**.

UDITO hò, CITEREA,
Che del tuo grembo fore
Fuggitivo il tuo FIGLIO *à te si cela,*
E promesso hai BACIAR *chi te 'l rivela:*
Non languir, BELLA DEA,
Se vai cercando AMORE;
No 'l cercar, dammi il BACIO, *io l' hò nel core.*

MARINI.

* See the first *Idyllium* of *Moschus* on this Subject.

CUPID STRAYED.

YES, beauteous QUEEN;—thy SON, they ſay,
Thy wanton SON! is gone aſtray:——
Nay, VENUS, more;——'tis ſaid, from Thee
A KISS the ſweet Reward ſhall be
To any Swain, who truly tells
Where 'tis the little WAND'RER dwells:
Then grieve no more, nor drop a Tear;
For know the little URCHIN'S here;
He, from the Search of vulgar Eyes,
Conceal'd within my Boſom lies:
Now, GODDESS, as I've told thee this;
Give me, oh, give the promis'd KISS!

HYMNE aû BAISER,

Par Monſieur DORAT.

I.

*DON *céleſte, volupté pure,*
*De l'*UNIVERS *moteur ſecret,*
Doux aiguillon de la NATURE,
Et ſon plus invincible attrait,
Eclair, qui, brûlant ce qu'il touche,
Par l'heureux ſignal de la bouche,
Avertit tous les autres ſens;
Viens jouer autour de ma lyre;
Qu'on reconnoiſſe ton délire
A la chaleur de mes accens.

* *Monſieur Dorat* ſeems, in theſe Verſes, metaphorically to apply the Word *Kiſs* to that univerſal *Attraction* which prevails through all *Matter.*

HYMN to the KISS,

TRANSLATED.

I.

O, Choiceſt Gift of heavenly Kind!
O, ſacred Source of Joy refin'd!
Thou latent Spring, whoſe vaſt Controul
Extends throughout the BOUNDLESS WHOLE!
Attraction ſtrong! all-pow'rful Cauſe,
Enforcing NATURE's hidden Laws!
Thou magic Lightning, that canſt burn
What-e'er you touch, what-e'er you turn!
Touch but the Lips, and you diſpenſe
The briſk Alarm thro' ev'ry Senſe:
Come, hover round my tuneful Lyre,
And ev'ry ſwelling Note inſpire;
So ſhall the Warmth my Strains expreſs
Thy rapture-giving Pow'r confeſs.

II. To

II.

Tu vas sur tes sujets fideles
Dispersant des fléches de feu :
Tu nourris de tes étincelles
Le flambeau de L'AVEUGLE DIEU.
Sans toi que seroit le bel âge ?
Il t'offre son premier hommage,
Il s'éclaire de tes rayons ;
Et, des desirs hâtant l'ivresse,
Sur les lèvres de la jeunesse
Tu fais tes plus douces moissons.

III.

Loin de l'œil éclatant du MONDE,
*Combien d'*ETRES *infortunés,*
Dans une obscurité profonde,
A gémir semblent condamnés !
Pour eux ZEPHIR *est sans haleine,*
Les épis qui dorent la plaine,
Rarement mûrissent pour eux ;
Toi seul les retiens à la TERRE,
Et, même au sein de leur misère,
Tu leur apprens l'art d'être heureux.

II.

To Thoſe, who own your gentle Sway,
You Darts of pleaſing Flame convey;
Your kindling Sparks, that ne'er can die,
Blind Cupid's burning Torch ſupply:
How dull the Spring of Life wou'd prove,
Without the Kiss that waits on Love!
Youth firſt to Thee its Homage pays,
Becomes enlighten'd from thy Rays;
And, haſt'ning by your foſt'ring Fires
The Birth of all the gay Deſires,
From youthful Lips You ſoon receive
The richeſt Harveſts Lips can give.

III.

Far from the World's more glaring Eye,
What Crowds of wretched Beings lie;
Who ſeem in dull Oblivion doom'd
For ever to remain entomb'd!
To Them no Zephyr's balmy Wing
Refreſhing Gales, or Sweets can bring;
No rip'ning Crops of golden Grain
For Them adorn the waving Plain:
Yet, thy perſuaſive Magic binds
To this terrestrial Orb their Minds;
And bids Them, in their gloomy State,
Smile, nor regret their piteous Fate.

IV.

La fleur qui pare nos prairies,
Te doit son lustre et son odeur.
Ces arbrisseaux que tu maries,
Sont tous éclos de ta chaleur.
Ces ruisseaux fuyant sous l'ombrage,
Ces flots caressant leur rivage,
Par ton souffle vont s'embrâser ;
Pourquoi des lèvres demi-closes
Ont-elles la couleur des roses ?
C'est là que siége le BAISER.

V.

Le froid SCRUPULE *en vain s'offense*
De tes bienfaits consolateurs ;
Tu tiens sous ton obéissance
SAGES, HEROS, LEGISLATEURS.
CESAR *quitte le* CAPITOLE,
Il menace, il s'élance, il vole,
Tout céde à ses travaux guerriers :
Mais il revient, briguant des chaînes,
Caresser les DAMES ROMAINES
A l'ombre même des lauriers.

VI. Ce

IV.

The Flow'rs, that in yon Meadow grow,
To Thee their Bloom, their Fragrance owe;
The bloſſom'd Shrubs, in gaudy Dreſs,
Thy genial Warmth, thy Pow'r confeſs;
The Stream, that winds along the Grove,
And courts the Shore with waves of Love,
Is taught by Thee the fond Embrace,
By Thee is taught each rural Grace:
On gently-parted Lips, ſay, why
Is plac'd the Roſe's beauteous Dye?
Becauſe on that ſoft Seat of Bliſs
Abides the roſy-breathing Kiss.

V.

Let rigid Scruple furl her Brow,
And blame the Comforts You beſtow:
The Sage, the Hero, Thee obey;
Nay, Legislators own thy Sway.
See, threat'ning Cæsar mounts his Car,
To join th' embattled Sons of War;
Swift from the Capitol he flies,
And ev'ry hoſtile Warrior dies:
But ſoon he quits the bleeding Plain,
With Tranſport hugs fair Beauty's Chain,
And, e'en beneath his Laurel's Shade,
Careſſes many a Roman Maid.

VI.

Ce MAHOMET, *ce fou sublime,*
Contre tous les périls armé,
Qui pour l'erreur et pour le crime
Avoit cru ce globe formé,
Auroit-il, CONQUERANT *austère,*
Supporté l'ennui de la guerre,
Sans les BAISERS *de ses* HOURIS,
Qui charmoient son ame inquiète,
Et, dans le SERRAIL *du* PROPHETE,
Réalisoient son PARADIS?

VII.

Mais des demeures fastueuses
Tu crains l'appareil imposant;
Les passions trop orageuses
En bannissent le sentiment.
Ah! sur des lèvres altérées,
Et par l'ennui décolorées,
Voudrois-tu donc te reposer?
Ces lambris dorés, cette estrade,
Ces carreaux, ces lits de parade,
Sont l'épouvantail du BAISER.

VI.

Could MAHOMET, whoſe dauntleſs Soul
Superior roſe to all Controul,
Whoſe Breaſt was fir'd with Hope ſublime,
Who thought that Ignorance and Crime
Were deſtin'd o'er this Globe t' have reign'd;
Could that ſtern VICTOR have ſuſtain'd
The harſh, fatiguing Toil of Arms;
Had not his HOURIS' ſoothing Charms,
And tender KISSES, lull'd to Reſt
The martial Tumults of his Breaſt;
If the SERAGLIO of this Earth
Had not to thoſe ſweet Joys giv'n Birth,
Which, in the PARADISE of Love,
The PROPHET hop'd to taſte above?

VII.

But tow'ring Domes, that ſtrike the Eyes
With outward Grandeur, You deſpiſe;
There ſtormy Paſſions govern Senſe,
And baniſh tender Feelings thence.
Say, couldſt thou well-contented lie
On Lips with ſhrivell'd Coldneſs dry,
On Lips, that no bright Purple wear!
But pal'd by Sickneſs, or by Care?
The gilded Cielings, Beds of State,
The gaudy Chambers of the Great,
Th' embroider'd Cuſhions they diſplay,
Muſt fright the gentle KISS away.

VIII.

Fuis ſous les feuillages champêtres :
C'eſt là que réſide la PAIX,
Et qu'à l'ombre des jeunes hêtres
On pratique tes doux ſecrets.
Sur des gerbes, ſur une tonne,
Le BAISER *s'y prend ou s'y donne ;*
Le plaiſir n'y ſait pas compter ;
Et l'impitoyable étiquette
Sur les lèvres d'une COQUETTE
Ne t'y fait jamais avorter.

IX.

Mais, en quelques lieux qu'on t'appelle,
Ne déſerte point mon réduit ;
Si j'ai pu te reſter fidele,
Que tes faveurs en ſoient le fruit !
Seme des fleurs ſur ma JEUNESSE ;
Juſques dans la froide VIEILLESSE
Renouvelle encor mes deſirs,
Et puiſſes-tu, pour récompenſe,
*Rencontrer ſouvent l'*INNOCENCE,
Et la ſoumettre à tes plaiſirs !

VIII.

Fly to the rural, ſhadowy Dells:
There PEACE in calm Retirement dwells;
And, underneath the Beech's Shade,
Thy am'rous Secrets are diſplay'd;
There, on the Hay-mow, or the Graſs,
Sport the fond Youth, and fonder Laſs;
There, unconſtrain'd in frolic Play,
A KISS they lend, a KISS repay;
Pleaſures ſo num'rous round them flow,
Envy can ne'er the Number know;
Nor are the Lips' ſweet Joys deny'd
By PRUDES, affecting virtuous Pride.

IX.

Tho' tempted hence your Flight to take,
My humble Manſion ne'er forſake;
To You if conſtant I remain,
Let Kindneſs recompenſe my Pain!
Around my YOUTH freſh Flow'rets ſhed,
Till AGE ſhall ſilver o'er my Head;
Then ſoftly fan my drooping Fires,
And wake the half-extinct Deſires:
So mayſt Thou, in thy Wand'rings, meet
Young INNOCENCE, who ſmiles ſo ſweet!
And may ſhe all-ſubmiſſive prove,
To Thee, the guiltleſs Gueſt of Love!

X.

Puisse à ce prix, trompant sa mere,
La jeune fille de quinze ans,
Dans son alcove solitaire
Méditer ton art dans mes chants,
Interroger son ame oisive,
Dévorer l'image expressive
De l'amoureuse volupté,
Ne voir que BAISERS *dans ses songes,*
Et soupçonner dans ces mensonges
Les douceurs de la VERITE !

X.

So may the Nymph of gay Fifteen,
By ſtrict maternal eyes unſeen,
To ſome ſequeſter'd Grove retire;
There, reading, nurſe her infant Fire:
Free from a Parent's ſtern Controul,
Explore her newly-op'ning Soul;
And riot o'er my am'rous Page,
Soft-yielding to voluptuous Rage!
So may ſweet Dreams of rapt'rous Joy
Her pleaſing Slumbers oft employ;
Till many a fond, illuſive Kiss
Shall almoſt realize the Bliss!

A KISS,

A

K I S S,

AFTER THE MANNER OF

S E C U N D U S.

To *C Y N T H I A.*

THE tranſient Seaſon let's improve,
That human Life allots to Love:
Youth ſoon, MY CYNTHIA! flies away,
And Age aſſumes its frozen Sway;
With Elegance and Neatneſs dreſt,
Come, then, in Beauty's Bloom confeſt,
And in my fond Embrace be bleſt!

Faint Strugglings but inflame Deſire,
And ſerve to fan the Lover's Fire:
Then yield not all at once your Charms,
But with Reluctance fill my Arms;

My

My Arms! that ſhall with eager Haſte
Encircle now your ſlender Waiſt,
Now round your Neck be careleſs hung,
And now o'er all your Frame be flung:
About your Limbs my Limbs I'll twine,
And lay your glowing Cheek to mine:
Cloſe to my broader, manlier Cheſt
I'll preſs thy firm, proud-ſwelling Breaſt;
Now riſing high, now falling low;
As Paſſion's Tide ſhall ebb, or flow:
My murm'ring Tongue ſhall ſpeak my Bliſs,
Shall court your yielding Lips to KISS;
Each KISS with Thouſands I'll repay,
And almoſt ſuck your Breath away;
A Thouſand more you then ſhall give,
And then a Thouſand more receive:
In Tranſport half-diſſolv'd we'll lie,
Venting our WISHES in a Sigh!

Quick-ſtarting from me, now diſplay
Your looſe, and diſcompos'd Array:
Your Hair ſhall o'er your poliſh'd Brow
In ſweetly-wild Diſorder flow;
And thoſe long Treſſes from behind,
You us'd in artful Braids to bind,
Shall down your ſnowy Boſom ſpread
Redundant, in a ſoften'd Shade;

And from your wiſhful Eyes ſhall ſtream
The dewy Light of Paſſion's Flame:
While now and then a Look ſhall glance;
Your Senſes loſt in am'rous Trance;
That fain my Rudeneſs wou'd reprove,
Yet plainly tells how ſtrong your Love:
The Roſes, height'ning on your Cheek,
Shall the fierce Tide of Rapture ſpeak;
And on your Lips a warmer Glow
The deepen'd Ruby then ſhall ſhow:
Your Breaſt, replete with youthful Fire,
Shall heave with Tumults of Deſire;
Shall heave at Thoughts of wiſh'd-for Bliſs,
Springing as tho' 'twould meet my Kiss:
Down on that Heav'n I'll ſink quite ſpent,
And lie in tender Languiſhment;
But ſoon your Charms' reviving Pow'r
Shall to my Frame new Life reſtore:
With Love I'll then my Pains aſſuage;
With Kisses cool my wanton Rage;
Hang o'er thy Beauties till I cloy;
Then ceaſe, and then renew my Joy!

FINIS.

Lately publiſhed, by the Author of the Kiſſes, and in the ſame ſize,

Handſomely printed on a fine Paper, Price 3s. ſewed,

SONNETS AND ODES,

TRANSLATED FROM THE

ITALIAN OF *PETRARCH*;

With the Original Text, and ſome Account of his Life.

O DOLCEZZE AMARISSIME D'AMORE!
GUARINI.

Printed for the AUTHOR.

And ſold by J. BEW, No. 28, Pater-Noſter-Row.